LA BELLE ASSEMBLÉE,

OR,

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1806.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. An admirable Likeness of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS AMELIA.
2. Four beautiful WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURES, in the London and Paris Costumes, coloured.
3. A Favourite NEW SONG, set to Music exclusively for this Work, by the Hon. and Rev. AUGUSTUS BARRY.
4. A new and handsome PATTERN FOR NEEDLE-WORK.

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With this present Number, being the ELEVENTH, is published, price 2s. 6d.

A SUPPLEMENTAL NUMBER,

WHICH CONCLUDES THE FIRST VOLUME OF THIS WORK.

The Supplement contains a Review of Literature for the year 1806, upon the plan which has been so deservedly popular in the Edinburgh Reviews.

THE DECORATIVE PART OF THIS NUMBER

Has very high pretensions indeed to the patronage of the Public. A Preface, a copious Index, and likewise Two Ornamental Title Pages, most elegantly designed and executed, are given with this Number, in order that such as object to a too bulky Volume, may divide the numbers in equal parts, and bind them up separately.

It has been our plan to give Portraits of all the Female Branches of the Royal Family, in the most finished style of engraving, and therefore we think it our duty to give also

THE PORTRAIT OF HIS MAJESTY,

As the Head and Parent of the Family; and it has been, and is the pride, and will be the boast of the Publisher, that he has procured the best Likeness, and the finest engraving, that has ever been done of his Majesty, from the original Picture, which is the favourite of the Royal Family, and that which has been copied and sent to Foreign Courts.

A further and greater interest will also attach to this Supplemental Number than has ever been offered to the Public before, in a publication of the same price, viz.

MR. BELL *has been favoured, he believes, with the only accurate copy extant in England, of*

THE MAP OF THE PRESENT SEAT OF WAR; AND A CORRECT AND AUTHENTIC PLAN OF THE LATE FATAL BATTLE OF JENA,

Which he received by the last Hamburgh Mail, from Hanover, as executed and published there, for the first time, on the 14th of November, including the extreme points of Germany, in the North and East, and accurately describing the situations of the Army during the Battle. To which is now extended, from the most authentic descriptions, the Line of March, and various halting positions of the Armies. The plan of the Battle, positions of the Armies at the time, and subsequent Lines of March, are all distinctly ascertained and coloured.

N. B. Subscribers to the former Numbers are recommended to give Orders to their respective Booksellers for the Supplemental Number as above, in order that they may not be disappointed of the best impressions, to which they are justly entitled, by their early partiality and preference.

Bell's

COURT AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

For DECEMBER, 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LADIES.

The Eleventh Number.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS AMELIA is the youngest daughter of their august Majesties, George the Third, and Charlotte, Queen of Great Britain. She was born August 7, 1783.

Her Royal Highness was, from early youth, of a very tender and delicate constitution, and has, occasionally, been afflicted with some very severe indispositions. In her person, she is rather inclining to be tall and slender; but her air is extremely graceful and prepossessing.—The effects of indisposition have given that kind of languor to her countenance which immediately appeals to the feelings, and interests every one that approaches her. She has, moreover, that winning affability and softness in her manner which prompts, at the instant, that regard and esteem which are confirmed by the more substantial qualities, which she possesses in an eminent degree.

Her Royal Highness was early recommended to make a trial of the benefits of sea-bathing for the restoration of her health; and it is trusted that she found those happy effects which were predicted. Her favourite amusement has been that of riding, an exercise in which she is particularly skilful, and in which she no less delights.

If she has not engaged, with the same ardour and industry, in a course of regular study, after the example of her royal sisters; if she be not accomplished in the fine arts in the same degree of excellence as the Queen of Wurtemburg and the Princess Elizabeth; if she be excelled in music by the Princesses Augusta and Mary,—it must be imputed to her original weakness

of health, and delicacy of frame, which would not admit of that severe application, which is required for the attainment of proficiency in either of these studies.

Her Royal Highness's accomplishments, however, are nowise of an inferior order. If not a perfect mistress of music, she has an excellent taste as an amateur, and is rivalled by few at the piano-forte. If she has not made a study of painting, she has that quality of taste, in a very high degree, which enables her to relish and appreciate the productions of the pencil. In a word, her Royal Highness had the same advantages from nature, and, with a more favourable constitution, might have derived equal benefits from education with her royal sisters; but, unfortunately, she has been checked in her career of study by the causes we have mentioned above.

And here we cannot help again availing ourselves of the opportunity to propose to our fair readers, as the safest patterns, and brightest examples of personal and intellectual excellence, the Female Branches of the Royal Family of Great Britain. In whatever way we regard them, whether as females, divested of the glitter of rank and precedence, asserting a superiority over their sex, by excelling them in those qualities which are chiefly entitled to pre-eminence; or whether we regard them in the elevated situations which they occupy, as adding to the weight of their unrivalled virtues the stamp of the highest rank,—and as such, giving a tone to taste, and a bias to manners, from the heights of Royalty itself; in whatever way we consider them, their supremacy is the same. In her Majesty we contemplate the English matron, administering the proudest offices of domestic duty, in the education which she has given to her daughters, in the example which, in her own conduct, she has proposed to them,—in her affectionate and pious attention to his Majesty,—and in the sacred performance of all those offices which are rendered more numerous by her illustrious rank, and more arduous from her exalted station.

It is the praise of her Majesty, and let it ever be esteemed as the first praise in the domestic conduct of a mother, however humble, or however exalted her rank, that she has not only caused her Royal offspring to be carefully instructed in the ornamental accomplishments of their sex, but has taken care to instil into their minds the more useful and solemn duties of life; she has taught them those lessons of a pure and substantial morality, which are the best foundations of private happiness and public prosperity;—and the fatal neglect of which, in a neighbouring kingdom, particularly amongst those of the highest rank, was the cause, not only of the most extended social ruin, but of the severest wound Christianity ever experienced.

Her Majesty and the Royal Family pay a sort of primitive attention to all their religious duties. They, commonly, either attend domestic prayers twice in the day, or appear, in the Chapel at Windsor, in public worship. Nothing but indisposition ever prevents them from these duties. We must break off here for the present, and shall again gladly resume the subject.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PRAISE OF SILENCE.

The praise of folly has been written and even that of fever, why should I not praise silence? with this difference, that those eulogiums only presented us with a display of wit, and that this contains more truth: what I am certain of is, that I shall never praise loquacity.

Silence was a god among the Egyptians: he was called Harpocrates, and always recognized by having a finger placed upon his lips, as if to command silence; he has since had wings, like those of Cupid, to denote that secrecy should be observed by lovers, and also some of the attributes of Esculapius, as medicine requires secrecy. But what astonishes me is, that this god is often represented under the figure of a child, which appears extraordinary, as youth is certainly not the age of discretion. This is all the information we may expect from the Egyptians; why they also have made of this Harpocrates the sun and the moon, is not easily found; but I will direct my readers to the works of Cuper, if they wish to obtain farther information.

It is not of the god of silence I mean to speak; but we must not overlook the fabulous divinities when they fall in our way. Neither do I intend to confound silence with discretion or secrecy.

The silence I shall treat of, is a kind of mute expression, stronger than words, and which eloquence often employs with sublimity. The silence of forests so impressive in the religion of the Gauls, and which Lucian has so frequently sung, has also been extremely useful to an ancient French poet, who says, that love strews it with many ideas, which lovers incessantly gather. Quinault has said, "even silence speaks to me of what I love;" and Tasso has also said in his Aminta:

El silenzio ancor suole
Aver prieghi e parole.

Nothing expresses a refusal better than silence, as the following instance will show:—An ambassador of the town of Abdera, as Plutarch relates in the remarkable sayings of the Lacedemonians, made a long harangue to Agis, King of Sparta, in favour of his citizens.—"Well, Sire, what answer will you have me give them?"—"That I permitted you to speak all you pleased, and as long as you pleased, without answering a word." May I be permitted to quote a novel, that of the Princess of Cleves? Its celebrity must plead my excuse. De Nemours silently approached Madame De Cleves; she, who was doubtless thinking of him, turned round hastily, saying, "In pity, Sir! give me a moment of rest!" To make a declaration of love through the medium of silence, is certainly to pass an eulogium on it. Silence is perhaps the most active instrument of eloquence, and what contributes to the latter should not be treated as frivolous. Silence is divided into numerous subdivisions: restraint, silent hints, looks, all these express that mute figure of rhetoric. I myself will call in the assistance of silence, by declaring that I do not intend to give precepts, but only seek to instruct through the medium of quotations and examples.

The *quos ego* of Neptune, in Virgil, is not silence, it is rather restraint. This god is in the act of threatening Eolus, who, without his orders, to oblige Juno, had raised a tempest against Æneas; but Neptune is too powerful a god to condescend to vent his anger in threats, and with one stroke of his trident executed his will.

Marcellus eris drew tears from the eyes of the wife of Augustus, by that restraint so superior to words.

If I may be allowed to quote the Chronological Abridgment of the History of France, I think it contains a very happy instance of restraint; it is a portrait of Maria De Medicis, in relating her death.—"Maria De Medicis died at Cologne, in extreme poverty—a Princess whose end demands our pity, but whose mind was far below her ambition, and who perhaps did not shew enough of surprise, nor affliction at the fatal death of one of our greatest Kings!" The meaning of surprise is understood.

What is that legion of strangers who enter our walls with an air of sovereignty? It is the English. Paris is become their capital, since their King Henry the Fifth has espoused the sister of the lawful heir, whom a cruel stepmother has caused to be disinherited; they traverse Paris (Charles the Sixth was dead), they come to pass under the windows of Isabeau De Baviere, who awaits them to enjoy their gratitude and respect. But what is her astonishment? They observe a stern

silence, and do not even deign to cast their eyes on her windows. Can there be a more striking picture? Could it be expected? What a day of festivity! The welkin ought to have reechoed with acclamations of joy; but no, indignation is stronger than triumph, this is an exalted praise on the force of silence, and says more than has ever been written against that infamous Queen.

Would not her funeral obsequies also form a moral picture? She died at Paris in 1435, having scarcely sufficient to support life; her body was conveyed from the hotel de Saint Paul to Saint Denis, in a little boat, accompanied only by four persons. What solitude! What forgetfulness! Scarcely was it known in Paris where she lived, says Charles the Seventh's journal.

The silence of Ajax, king of Salamine, is very remarkable in the eleventh book of the Odyssey; his indignation is well known when the arms of Achilles were adjudged to Ulysses. Ulysses meets him in hell; he was alone, far from all the shades, and still appeared as *indignant* for the injustice he had experienced as when on earth. Ulysses accosts him in the most flattering manner, recalls his glory, &c. to his mind, and the poet, who feels his inability to express the state of Ajax's soul in words, has recourse to silence; Ajax answered not a word. It is thus that Timanthus covered the face of Agamemnon with a veil at the sacrifice of Iphigenia, unable to express his excessive grief and barbarous ambition. This silence in painting is as eloquent as in poetry, and in this instance they may well be termed the sister arts.

But what instance is more striking than that given in the interview between Dido and Æneas, in hell, as related in the sixth book of the Æneid?

It is said that a man of wit, reading this fine piece for the first time, closed the book suddenly, and attempted to compose the answer he thought most proper Dido should make. After having written the finest verses he could invent, he opened the book, hoping to find some of his ideas in Virgil, and was very much astonished to discover that Dido's only answer was silent indignation.

A fine part of Homer, and which appears to me not to have been sufficiently felt, is when all the Gods are assembled in Olympus, each bearing his respective attributes, and wishing to interest Jupiter, some in favour of the Trojans, others in favour of the Greeks; the universe is all in motion, the heavens filled with divinities, and the earth covered with soldiers: Jupiter listens, and then dismisses this multitude of immortals; the noise of their departure heightens our astonishment. What is then the situation of Achilles? what does Homer oppose to this general shock of all nature? He lets us see Achilles alone in his tent, whose inactive state causes these great events. Do not fear that Homer should launch into reflections, he seems unconscious of the sensations he has awakened; he leaves ordinary poets to mistrust the impression they have excited; he is conscious of the effect of this sublime picture; he never calls himself in question, for the reflections of a poet is, in a manner, naming one's self, and saying,—take care, remark the skill, admire the invention, &c. Homer disdains the admiration which he is certain of obtaining, and seems forgetful of himself. Homer, Virgil, and the truly great men are very sober in their maxims and reflections, they furnish the materials, and rest on the minds and sentiments of their readers: their pictures also do not produce their entire effect immediately; twenty years, thirty years, what do I say, even after centuries have passed, new beauties are discovered, and it is this also which makes them always appear new; similar to those subterraneous edifices swallowed up by earthquakes but preserved, they are restored to the light of day by frequent excavations. In a word, truth is made to augment each day in merit; Virgil strikes less forcibly than Lucan, but Virgil always gains and Lucan loses.

A truly fine image of silence is related of Penelope. "A short time after her marriage, being pressed by her father Icarus, and her husband Ulysses, to declare whether she would follow the latter, or remain at Lacedemon, in the bosom of her family, what was her answer according to Pausanias, book third? She said nothing, but hid her face with her veil." This is sublime. On the same spot where she gave this modest answer, Ulysses, who interpreted it in his favour, erected an altar to the goddess Pudor.

But why should I seek elsewhere than in the holy Scriptures, for sublime instances of silence? Rollin authorises me, in a work of *Belles Lettres*, in which he admits of prophane authorities, and does not hesitate in diving for them into the Old Testament. Scripture relates, that Isaac was placed by Abraham on the wood that composed the pile on which he was to be sacrificed, that he was bound before being imolated, without saying a word of the dispositions of the son, or the discourse held to him by his father; without preparing by some reflections for such a sacrifice, and without telling us with what sentiments the father and son submitted themselves. Josephus, the historian, puts a long discourse in the mouth of Abraham, which is fine and affecting. Moses makes him submit in silence, and observes the same himself. The reason is, that one wrote

from his own judgment, like man, and the other was inspired by God, who dictated each word that flowed from his pen.

Abraham's silence is the more striking from its having been preceded by the question,—the child asked his father, during their way, what was going to happen, without suspecting he was to be the victim. Racine has happily imitated this passage in the conversation between Iphigenia and Agamemnon. Holy works are inexhaustible on this subject; do they wish to express the mighty power of Cyrus, the master of Asia?—it is said, the earth became silent before him.

But enough of this subject; I will make a concluding reflection: which is, that in seeking assistance in this way, and in wishing to support myself by acknowledged authorities that I always need, I have been surprised that no rhetoricians, or those who have written on metaphors and tropes, and all that relates to eloquence, have said nothing particular on the subject; they, however, sometimes remark the beauties which spring from silence; but it appears to me that this subject might be treated without falling into plagiarism. It is true that silence is less a figure of rhetoric to which a name may be affixed, than a sudden inspiration of taste, and taste follows no precepts; it is the instinct of reason which, like that of nature, is never deceived.

E. R.

THOUGHTS ON REFLECTION.

Reflection is that operation of the powers and capacities of the human mind, by which we are enabled to discriminate both in ourselves and others the leading features and the most prominent outlines of character.

Religion and morality are never stationary. In both the man of reflection cannot but perceive a progressive or retrogade motion. Individuals and families, nations and empires, increase in happiness in proportion as they increase in the knowledge of virtue. And in proportion as they are unmindful of these, they degenerate, and gradually approximate to the brute creation—throw off the man, and commence animal. All history justifies the truth of this observation; and all experience confirms the truth that is thus justified by history.

To the mind of a philanthropist, the consolations arising from a view of religion, morality and society; of men, and of manners, in the present age, when compared with a similar view in any of the preceding ages, must be at once pleasing and grateful. It must add energy to hope, confidence to exertion, and alacrity to perseverance.

Little indeed does that man deserve of society who will not zealously stretch forth his arm to defend a system, which cannot but diminish the influence of vice, enlarge the boundaries of freedom, contract the circle of licentiousness, give energy to poverty, and firmness to integrity.

Little indeed does he deserve of the blessings of life who offers not advice, protection, and assistance to the injured and oppressed of every description. Separate vice from rationality, and man becomes harmless. Impel rationality separated from vice with the energies of virtue and religion, and he becomes eminently useful and estimable. Man is an active being. In a state of rest he finds no enjoyment; in a state of error no satisfaction; in a state of mischievous industry no consolation; in a state of ignorance no expansion of happiness; in a state of superstition no exalted ideas of the excellency of virtue—no sublime conceptions of the perfections of divine love; but in a state of honest and useful exertion, and in a state of moral, of rational, of social and religious improvement, he finds contentment a constant companion, hope an animating counsellor, confidence a bosom friend, diligence a chearful associate, benevolence an amiable advocate, and happiness a never failing and a welcome visitor.

In consequence of the admission of vice into the world, human laws and regulations were necessarily instituted. They act not as stimulants to virtue but as preventives of vice. They demonstrate how far, how very far man is fallen from virtue; but they operate not as a check to his progress in the paths of duty and of excellence. The multiplication of depravities adds to the number of laws; and the numerous refinements of vice combined with the studied improvements of systematical knaveries, have given birth to laws not requisite in former ages; and have taken from the freedom of men the liberty of doing mischief with impunity. But as nothing can alter the nature and properties of virtue and vice, so nothing can take from man the privilege of being virtuous and good. Should it be the height of his ambition to make this privilege subservient to the general good, he advances beyond the reach of all human laws, and traverses a path peculiarly blessed and enlightened by the countenance of the Supreme Ruler of the world. Human laws may apparently impede, but they can never finally

counteract those that are divine. As mankind advance in the practice of known duties, they will advance in the knowledge of causes and effects. Reflection will teach them wisdom. It will lead them from ignorance to knowledge, from vice to virtue, from nature to grace, from time to eternity, from earth to heaven. It will shew them what has been done—it will impress on their minds what is now doing; and will enable them to anticipate with no small degree of certainty what will be the effect of transactions that may be passing before their eyes. It will open to their view the insignificancy of opinion, and the imbecility of knowledge unapplied by reflection, when compared with the importance of principle, and the everlasting existence and unchangeableness of goodness. It will add to the extension of observation a correspondent increase of advantages arising from diligent and just application. It will correct judgment and resolve doubt. It will cure enthusiasm, and eradicate licentiousness. It will give to liberty the fullest influence and wisdom; to love the dignified support of rational power, and to disobedience the formidable check of salutary and prompt coercion.

The properties of virtue are instruments of happiness. Application will demonstrate their utility, and experience their efficacy. Call reflection to your assistance, and wisdom will give animation to hope, and energy to exertion. True wisdom is generated by reflection. In a very salutary degree it is attainable by every one. Ignorance cannot wholly exclude it; poverty can scarcely escape it. Learning may reject it; knowledge may contemn it; nobility may despise it; but pride with all its efforts, can possess but the smallest portion of it. Humility and wisdom unite hand in hand with reflection. These are inseparable companions. Meanness, falsehood, and duplicity, find no associates here.

Reflection is the nurse of philanthropy; her tears are tears of genuine worth; whether sorrow or joy be the cause for which they flow, they are ever truly valuable; they relieve the heart, and ennoble the mind; they offer to vice the sacrifice of regret, and to mercy the increase of gratitude; they are the consolations of repentance, and the first-fruits of conversion. Surrounded by the curtain of darkness, they often times flow in private when no eye can behold them, or immersed in the gloom of solitude, furrow the cheeks in silence, when no officious intruder can arrest their progress. It is then that the heart enjoys the present, regrets the past, and by hopes or fears anticipates the future; it is then that the objects of penury and want, which we may have passed by without an offer of assistance, present themselves to our view, and call forth the sigh of sorrow and compunction, and give birth to the feelings of pity and commiseration. It is then that those whom we have injured, neglected, or traduced, offer themselves in a thousand varied forms to our consideration; it is then that those whom we have despised and contemned become formidable and terrific; it is then that those whom, ungenerously and unjustly, we have lightly esteemed, shine with a lustre that adds to the blackness of deformity the odium of suspicion; it is then that those to whom we have exhibited tokens of ingratitude appear decorated in garments transcendently resplendent, and inestimably valuable; it is then that the rudeness of inattention is punished by the upbraidings of sensibility, and the contempt of indifference by the bitterness of recollection; it is then that those on whom we have bestowed the true milk of human kindness are presented to our view, as petitioning the giver of blessings to increase in us the power of doing good, and the means of becoming happy; it is then that love appears supremely desirable, drives from the heart every selfish sensation, and gives for the enjoyment of man a taste of the happiness desirable from the perfections of his nature; it is then that man feels as he ought to feel, superior to himself; it is then that he perceives something in his nature, in his feelings, his conceptions, his hopes, his fears, his resolutions, his capacity, and his expectations, that at once surprise and astonish him; it is then that he is compelled to enquire, what is man, at once unmindful of his dignity and depravity, that a Being, infinite in power, in wisdom, and in knowledge, should be at all mindful of him? Can powers and capacities calculated for an eternity of improvement, be intended for time only? Shall death be the closing scene of knowledge, of consciousness, and of rational existence? Shall he then for ever cease to remember and enquire, to reason and adore? Shall he not rather be endowed with powers of a more comprehensive nature, and a capacity to acquire knowledge of a less doubtful complexion? Shall he not then more easily discern the wisdom of Providence, and trace the footsteps of divinity with redoubled ardour and adoration? Shall he not then disseminate happiness without alloy, acquire wisdom without the appendages of folly, communicate knowledge without error, participate in pleasures unadulterated with frailties, and delights in friendships which fear cannot weaken, space cannot separate, taste divide, mortality destroy, or death annihilate? Shall he not then be qualified to experience and enjoy in every possible way, and in every varied form, the happiness of communicating pleasure without the probability of disappointment, or the possibility of error? Shall

not minds then be as recognizable as persons now are? And shall not those whom he had loved and admired in a present existent state, give added pleasure to his feelings, and varied sensations of delight to his enjoyments? Or will reflection teach us to suppose that the remembrances of time, and the recollections of love, of benevolence, and of friendship, of reciprocity of affection, and similarity of sentiments, will be lost in the beatitudes of eternity? Most assuredly it will not. Nothing that can add to happiness will then be forgotten; nothing that can give an increase to pleasure, will then be placed beyond the reach of recollection; nothing that can add to the perfection or to the extent of enjoyment, will then be forbidden or denied. Without a consciousness of what was meritorious, agreeable, and lovely, and a known conformity of conduct agreeably to such consciousness, the utility of a pre-existent probationary state can neither be conceived nor demonstrated. To man all the plans of wisdom which we are capable of conceiving or pursuing, are founded in progressive knowledge, purity, piety and love.

Permit the efforts of reflection to banish one vice from your heart, and one error from your judgment, and your stock of virtue and of wisdom is instantaneously strengthened and increased. The balance in favour of virtue and of wisdom becomes more strong in proportion as vices and errors become less numerous and less formidable. And every effort that lessens the number of vices and errors in the world, or weakens their influence in ourselves or others, adds to the stock both of wisdom and of virtue a portion of merit that time will recognize and posterity appreciate. In the register of eternity will be engraven the nobility of man. Perceiving the degradation of our nature to have originated from an act that we had no power to prevent, our business is to counteract with unceasing assiduity the vices we perceive, and the errors we detect. To ennoble the heart is to enrich the man; to eradicate vice is to annihilate slavery; to correct error is to banish contention; and to establish virtue is to insure felicity.

Give to reflection the efficacy of application, and to application the merit of perseverance, and you give to man a clue to happiness, and a passport to immortality. Thus will you secure the imagination from the dangers of deception, and fortify the heart against the attractions of temporary frivolities, the contagion of fashionable levities, and the corruption of acknowledged depravities.

The pleasures and the advantages arising from the proper and faithful application of reflection are valuable and permanent; to the influence, and to the importance of these pleasures and these advantages, every good action gives an additional charm and an additional weight. The good man lives not for himself alone; to heighten and to secure the happiness of mankind is the prevailing wish and the ardent prayer of his heart, and the highest object of his ambition; here the extent of his desires, and the summit of his wishes, are happily within the limits of his duty, and the circumference of his influence.

Past transactions are lessons of instruction, illustrated by events that, by the operations of the mind, the application of reflection will convert into sources of wisdom pregnant with blessings of the greatest importance to human happiness. It is here that we behold the follies of those whom the world once thought wise, the errors of those who were considered as infallible, the deficiencies of those to whom former ages had attached the characteristics of perfection, and the wisdom of those whom nations and kingdoms had proclaimed as fools, or considered as insane. In the page of history the fooleries of life exhibit varied and numerous traits of mental imbecility. It is here that ambition is stript of its disguise, and pride of its extreme decorations. Here conceit is deprived of the influence she assumed; and learning, abashed at the knowledge acquired by reflection, ceases to corrupt the taste, or direct the judgment; here superstition vanishes at the investigation of truth, and gives to the inferences of enquiry the rewards of conviction; here reason assumes the power she had lost, and restores to the character and society of men a generation of slaves; here religion wrests from the arm of power the rod of oppression, and opens to the world a system of government influenced by mercy, actuated by love, supported by equity, maintained by justice, and preserved by piety; here feminine weakness is happily superseded by the powers of mental exertion, and the partner and companion of man is gratefully recognized as a being in no respect intellectually inferior to himself.

The blush of reflection is the criterion of sensibility, and the acknowledgement of error, of guilt, or of impropriety. And he, who in himself finds nothing to suspect or condemn, has innocence for his security, ignorance for his refuge, or vice for his patron.

L. C.

ON THE NOTION OF THE SOULS OF BEASTS.

Some new lights on the notion of the Souls of Beasts, their language, and other interesting particulars in the constitution of their nature.

MR. EDITOR,

THE question, whether beasts have a soul or not, has always been a very embarrassing subject, especially to a Christian philosopher. Descartes, pursuant to the principle of explaining all the actions of beasts by the laws of mechanism, pretended that they were but mere machines, or pure automatons; but in this age of extensive improvement and general information, our reason seems to run counter to such a sentiment, and even to banish it from society.

The want of knowledge in astronomy in earlier times, but which the latter ages have so eminently obtained, whereby every star is discovered to be a sun giving light and heat like that of ours, and consequently serving the same purpose, of bestowing a genial and enlivening influence on planets of its own: which, as this earth we live upon is crowded with inhabitants, must, from a parity of reasoning, doubtless be all filled with creatures.

The want, I say, Sir, of this knowledge, first led mankind into that preposterous and extravagant imagination, that themselves are supreme lords of the whole creation, and that all things were made for them alone; in such a view, so agreeable to human pride, they considered themselves of infinite importance, and attributing to themselves divine qualities, whereof they supposed all other creatures destitute, they separated from the crowd of all other animals their fellows and companions, over whom they claimed an unlimitted superiority and power, and to whom they took upon them to distribute just such a share and sort of capacity and distinction as was most suitable to their own vanity; hence it came to pass, that such actions as in themselves, they called the result of reason, understanding, knowledge, or wisdom in other creatures were not admitted to arise from any thing but instinct, or mere nature; words intended to imply the greatest distance from that perfection which they imagined in themselves by supposing all the rest under the necessity of acting under a certain and pre-determined manner; though after all, to be led on constantly by instinct, or mere nature, or what philosophers are pleased to call it, is a direct road to such happiness as they are most capable of enjoying, is, in my opinion, not much less desirable than to be left to the conduct of reason, or any other faculty, be it ever so much boasted of, which mistakes the way nine times in ten.

If we examine ourselves and the creatures that are about us, we shall find, that there is more difference between man and man, than between man and some species of brutes; and that upon a comparison, we have little cause to value ourselves so superlatively as we do. I see a dog run to me when I call him; repay my fondness with his; tremble and run away, when I threaten him; obey me, when I command him, and express all the exterior marks of the different sensations of joy, and sadness, pain, fear, desire, passions of love and hatred; whence I conclude immediately, that a dog has in himself some principle of knowledge and sentiment, and that the soul I suppose to be in him, is the only sufficient reason, combined with all those appearances and phenomena that strike my senses to persuade me, that he is not a machine or automaton. Whilst I am playing with my cat, says Montaign, who knows whether I don't make for her more sport than she does me? we mutually divert one another; and if I have my hour to begin, or refuse, she likewise has hers.

Again, as to the operations of animals, it appears evident that brutes (and as all philosophers assert every species of animals) have the power of communication among themselves, and what hinders it between them and us, may for aught we know be a defect on our side as much as theirs; if we allow that animals have the above attributes, knowledge and sentiment, they ought consequently to have among themselves, for their mutual wants, an intelligible language; the thing is possible, so that we need only examine whether it be necessary; that all animals have knowledge, is an avowed and acknowledge principle; and we cannot suppose, that the author of nature could have given them that knowledge for other purposes than to render them capable of providing for their wants, for their preservation, and for all that is proper and suitable to their condition, and the form of life he has prescribed to them. We may add to this principle that several species of animals are formed to live in society, and others to live at least as it were in a family, a male and female with their young, till they are reared; but if it be supposed that they have no sort of language for understanding one another, it cannot

be conceived how their society could subsist; how should the beavers, for instance, in so ingenious a manner and with so much sagacity and regularity, help one another to build their habitations, if they had not as clear and as intelligible a language with respect to themselves, as ours is to us? Knowledge without a reciprocal communication, by a sensible and known language is not sufficient for maintaining society, nor for executing any enterprise that requires union and intelligence. How could wolves concert together their well known stratagems for attacking flocks of sheep, man, and horses, if they did not understand one another? when a fox is to pass a river that is frozen, he lays his ear down to the ice, and listens if the current underneath sounds from a nearer or farther distance, and as he finds it, advances or retires; can we believe it is without reasoning, as we should do on the like occasion, that what makes a noise runs, what runs is liquid, and what is liquid is not passable; why should we then attribute different causes to the same effects in them and us?

Again, can we imagine such a regular and well managed government as that of bees can be maintained without prudence, and consideration? or that the ants, and many other sorts of creatures provide against the winter season, and use such caution to protect, and prevent their food from spoiling or being otherwise destroyed, without knowledge or contrivance? When the swallows come to us in the season, search all the corners of our houses for the most commodious places to build their nests, and amongst a thousand choose the most proper for their purpose; is all this without judgment and discretion? do they mix their clay with water without knowing that it grows softer and better for their purpose by being wet? or do they line their nests with down and feathers, without foreseeing that their tender young will live more comfortable and easy? or can it be supposed they turn the entrance of their habitations from the blustering and rainy quarters without some knowledge of the qualities of the winds and fully sensible that one is warmer and more comfortable than the other; and likewise, if they had not a language perfectly intelligible to each other, could they form the design of blocking up a sparrow in the nest of one of their companions he has taken and will not quit possession of; and finally, take together their periodical flight from this country almost at a certain hour, on a given day?

It is certain that animals excel in most of their works all we can do by art; yet we deny them deliberation and design: which is paying them a compliment we do not intend, by supposing nature more kind to them than us; leading them, as it were, by the hand to what is actually necessary and commodious for their kind of life; whilst it leaves us alone to shift and seek out by art, what is necessary for our preservation and welfare, and yet unable, after all our pains, to arrive at their natural sufficiency.

What craft and subtlety do brutes use to save themselves from us! and if at last we seize and make them serve us, and employ them as we please, it is no more than what we do by each other; nay, in this they act more generously than we, for one lion never makes another lion become his slave, and do his drudgery.

Again, it cannot be denied that brutes are capable of being instructed conformable to our manners: parrots, jays, and magpyes, &c. are taught to imitate the human voice, and to confine their breath to words and syllables; this surely must be the result of great observation, pains, and diligence. Dogs also, that lead the blind, shew they are fully sensible of the office they are employed in, by the care they take to keep them clear of carts, carriages, &c. and to stop at those particular houses where they have been accustomed to receive alms; all which, I submit, can hardly be done without some degree of consideration, thought, and reason.

Besides, is it not evident, that brutes as well as men, grow wiser, and gain experience by the accidents they frequently meet with, like the mule of Thales, that on fording a river stumbled with a sack of salt upon his back, and finding his load lighter by being wet, when at any time he passed any water, used constantly to lie down in it with his burden, till the philosopher imagining the cause, loaded him with wool, which growing much heavier by powerfully attracting the water, broke him entirely of that practice.

Thus much for reason, foresight, contrivance, and understanding in brutes; as to beauty in them, we are not agreed what it consists in among ourselves (some nations calling that so which is considered as deformity among others); but it is certain, that in cleanness, smoothness, colour, proportion, and disposition of parts, many animals excel us, and so much so, that I believe whoever imagines a man stark naked, will judge a covering more proper for him than for any of the rest. If we consider bodily strength, a single elephant, tyger, &c. can destroy multitudes of men; in temperance, gratitude, friendship, and many other virtues, they equal us at least; the love and fidelity of dogs to their masters is so well known that it would be tedious and impertinent to recite them here; and we see horses oftentimes contract such a strict friendship, that it is difficult to make them eat, or travel when parted from each other.

I believe then, Sir, from the foregoing argument and proofs, it must be admitted that ani-

mals speak a language peculiar to themselves, and perfectly understand each other; however, it must be allowed at the same time, that such language is greatly limited, and does not extend beyond the wants of life, for nature has given them the faculty of speaking for expressing only their desires and feelings, in order by this means to satisfy their wants, and obtain whatever is necessary for their existence and preservation; all they think, and all they feel, may be reduced, therefore, to animal life; and as we have the strongest reasons to believe it so, we must not consequently expect from them any abstract ideas, metaphysical reasonings, or curious researches on the objects that surround them; but rather confine the whole scope of their science to the principles of self-preservation, and the propagation of their species, which alone influence all their actions.

But now, Sir, notwithstanding all the above assertions, I trust that you, nor any person that will take the trouble to peruse the above treatise, can suppose an intention to undervalue man, or suppose him of less dignity in the creation than Providence seems to have intended; but I would moderate his excess of pride, by shewing that other creatures have their excellencies as well as he, and are endued with capacities, which even compared with his own, he will find no reason to despise.

H.

THE ACCOUNT STATED BETWEEN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND NINETEENTH.

FRAGMENT FROM LICHTENBERG.

Nothing is so difficult to translate into another language as those lively pieces, which the English call Humour, and the Germans *laune*, and which cannot be rendered into French, without changing the construction of the sentences, and adapting them to the character of the author, or of the work mentioned; but these two nations have, to describe this species of pleasantry, expressions which have no corresponding words in French, their authors are no less embarrassed when asked an exact definition of the meaning of these words; it is a style, that without injuring the taste, or falling into the burlesque, comprehends a mixture of all kinds, familiar and exalted things, comic and noble expressions, lively and serious reflections, all mixed together; all is forgiven, provided the writer knows, without clearly announcing his end, which would spoil all, but by the general impression of the work, how to present a sketch forming the assemblage of all his ideas, in appearance so unconnected, and so irreconcileable according to established rules. It is almost impossible to point out, with precision, the centre of the author's observations; but he must guide us to it, and arrest our attention without constraint, and almost imperceptibly; arrived at this pitch, we should still have our doubts, and throw aside our spectacles, to look through the medium of his, and to view the prospect which our eyes descry only with the colouring decorations or deformities, the sublime or low aspect, which were offered; the extensive scene of the moral and physical world must be unfolded to us in a facetious, yet instructive manner, with striking contrasts, under a new and conspicuous garb; the details, in particular, should be collected with simplicity; that the most original, the most lively, and the most grave expressions, naturally tend to the common end, to the point of view to which the writer has insensibly drawn, or elevated us, to that turn of mind, and disposition of soul, which he has substituted for ours, and with which he has known how to identify us.

This proves, that men alone of superior minds are able to exercise that magic sway over us, and that no style will produce fewer good works, and more silly imitations, and ridiculous essays than this.

Without mentioning those French authors who are entitled to the appellation of humourous, and are too well known to need being mentioned, Horace, in his epistles, Lucian, in his dialogues, among the ancients; Cervantes, Rabelais, Swift, Fielding, and Sterne, among the moderns, have possessed to an eminent degree this art of painting human life under the most pleasing and exalted features, and while playfully conversing, to teach the most useful precepts, the most profound and sublime truths, without becoming tiresome, or burlesque.

In Germany, a distinguished place generally allowed, professor Lichtenberg is among the writers endowed with this inspiration, which the English denominate *humour*; he possessed it to such an eminent degree, that, with the exception of the Memoirs which he presented to the Royal Academy of Gottingen, it was impossible for

him to treat of even the most abstract sciences, without enlivening his work with ironical sallies, which never abandoned him.

We hope that our readers will have no objection to our giving them a specimen of the style of this author, so celebrated by our neighbours, and we will chuse a piece which was written in 1783, when the improvement of balloons occupied the natural philosophers, and which was printed in the collection of his posthumous works. It is entitled, "Considerations on Ærostatic Machines." It runs thus:

"The eighteenth century may, with some pride, transmit to the nineteenth, the inventory of information which it has acquired, and the discoveries with which it has enriched the human race. When its successor, on receiving the sceptre from the hand of its predecessor, will demand an account of its discoveries, the eighteenth century may answer:

"I have determined the extent of the earth; I have imprisoned the lightning in bottles; I have discovered animals that are more wonderful than the fabulous serpent of Lerne; fish endued with the power refused to the Olympian Jupiter, the faculty of destroying each other under the water, by hurling invisible thunder; thro' the means of Linnæus, I have executed the first inventory of the works of nature. I have witnessed the return of two comets, when the furlough Halley had granted them was expired; instead of one species of gas known by my predecessors, I can count thirteen; I have metamorphosed the air into solid bodies, and solid bodies into air; I have prepared quicksilver for the forge, raised enormous heaps by means of fire, shot with water as with gunpowder; I have seduced plants, and made them bear natural children; I have made steel as soft as butter; I have melted glass in water, banished gold from the throne it had usurped for ages, as the heaviest of metals, and substituted platina in its stead; I have invented a telescope, such as even Newton considered impossible to produce. I have at once determined the direction of loadstone in a manner that cannot be disputed; I have hatched eggs without hens; I have reduced the Bishop of Rome and his episcopal functions; I have crushed the head of a powerful and dangerous hydra.

"I have seen Peter I. and Catharine, and Frederick, and Leibnitz, and Newton, and Euler, and Winckelman, and Mengs, and Cook, and Garrick.

"I have created an immense new empire; I have added a fifth part to the globe, and made vessels sail through the air; augmented the number of planets, diminished that of elements, and reduced the sun to the rank of a satellite."

A great number of these discoveries, Lichtenberg adds, "however important they may appear, are still only embryos that require to be carefully developed. What result do they not promise, if we consider that the strength which formerly scarcely sufficed to give the first impression of printing, would now shake the Vatican? that a needle rubbed with loadstone unites the most distant parts of the globe together; and that, through the means of saltpetre and brimstone, which formerly only burned the fingers, continents may be severed! Ah! if we could obtain the key of the sacred vault, where a thousand similar discoveries lie buried! Who will dare to affirm that we shall not attain the means of prolonging our lives to the lengthened period of nineteen hundred years; to impose our yoke upon whales, and to ride from pole to pole upon their backs; to displace the magnetic poles of our earth; to give new ones to Cayenne and Borneo, and arm the poles with a Caucasus of iron? Who knows whether, by the instruction of chemistry, or physiology, a skilful minister of finances may not succeed in inventing a kind of salve proper to make a precious wool grow on the backs of those who are tributary to him, which might be sheared every year, and thus add to the public treasury.

"Unhappily all these fine things remain hidden in a labyrinth whose mazes Bacon has vainly explored; and man is still to-day as four thousand years ago, condemned to invent the grandest things, in the same manner as swine discover salt water and mineral sources."

If the worthy Lichtenberg had been able to make the eighteenth century speak three lustres later, at the time of its disappearance, he would have doubtless given more interest and extent to the deceased's harangue.

We are, after all, far from offering this extract from the celebrated moralist as a specimen of pure taste. We shall content ourselves with observing, that our translation could not attain the graces and sarcastic wit of the original; and that, what is disapproved of by foreign judges, may not be a fault among a nation whose taste follows different rules, and whose genius is less encumbered with fetters.

E. R.

ZULBAR;

AN INDIAN TALE.

You shall no longer deceive me, weak and treacherous mortals! Too long have I paid homage to your feigned virtues; too long, to believe you good, have I shut my eyes to your actions, and only listened to your words. When you wished to appear estimable, I never failed to admire you, and willingly lost sight of you during the time you were no longer so. I am at last weary of witnessing this long convention of lies, which we sign upon our entrance into the world. I no longer see any thing but what is despicable in this assemblage of animals, who are, at the same time, proud and low, envious and contemptuous; agitated in every contrary sense by the desire of praise, by their indifference to virtue, by the love of idleness, by the desire of activity; who torment themselves for a pastime, and destroy themselves to be able to exist.

Nature in treating them according to their deserts, condemns them to a crowd of evils. But these evils were not sufficient, and they agreed among themselves to invent a thousand others, with the hope that their neighbours might endure them; and of all their agreements this is the only one they have not violated. But why these unavailing complaints? I am like the slave who was sent by his master to a wretched caravansary. "If you find yourself comfortable there," said he to him, "you will wait for me; I shall not fail to be with you in a few days: if not, nothing ought to prevent your leaving it without me. The slave expected him in despair;—the fool did not see the door!"

Thus spoke Zulbar, who, though in the prime of youth, had experienced injustice and ingratitude. He was in an immense wood; all around him was solitary and silent. A tremendous storm had just covered the earth with streams of rain and hail; flashes of lightning were still perceptible amid the sombre foliage; thunder was still heard in the distance; and the unhappy Zulbar, fatigued, and wet by the storm, banished from his country, wandering, and covered with rags, walked slowly, his head bent down under the branches of the cocoa trees. On a sudden, yielding to his last reflections, he stopped, drew his dagger, and raised his arm to plunge it into his breast, when he heard a voice that exclaimed, "Respect thy days, thou mayest be useful to me."

"Ah! I am weary of being useful, answered he, with disdain—I have only found ingratitude. However, while saying this, he had lowered his dagger, and, by an involuntary motion, advanced towards the spot whence the voice proceeded. Discovering no one near him, "where art thou?" he exclaimed, "hasten to appear.—What dost thou require?"—I require," replied the voice,—"that you should stoop by the side of this hedge of eglantine; look nearer the ground, and raise that rose leaf whose weight prevents me from moving."

Zulbar astonished, looked, and at last saw the rose leaf, raised it with the point of the poignard, which he still held in his hand, and then discovered an ant, that, shaking the rain with which it was encumbered, and wiping it off with its antennæ, came and placed itself at the feet of Zulbar, and looking at him said:

"Thanks be to thee, generous stranger! For an hour I have been under that leaf, and had only been able to disengage my head. Without your charitable assistance, I might perhaps have perished, which would have grieved me much, as I am very well contented with my station. You appear to be much dissatisfied with yours. I have heard your bitter complaints; I saw you on the point of terminating your existence.—What pleasure I should feel, my dear benefactor, if I could contribute in any way to render your life more supportable."

"And, who are you then, answered Zulbar, more astonished than ever? how is it that you have the power of speaking and reasoning?"—"You would be much embarrassed, rejoined the insect, if I were to ask you the same question. But I will explain to you who I am; commence by relating your misfortunes; perhaps my advice may be useful to you. From what I heard you say, it appears that you have much to complain of men, which does not surprize me, as I know that almost the whole of them are wicked. However, I think it possible to avoid their malice with a little care, and I have seen but very few unhappy beings who have not drawn their misfortunes upon themselves."

"You are severe, interrupted the Indian, and you will doubtless persuade me that the leaf which crushed you fell by your fault."

Speaking thus, Zulbar seated himself close to the ant. The insect, better to hear him, climbed on the branch of a wild rose bush; and Zulbar commenced his history in the following terms:

"I am the son of a rich jeweller of the town of Tipra. My father, satisfied with the fortune he had acquired by his labours, did not bring me up to his trade. He built a handsome house in a village at some distance from the capital, purchased the surrounding lands, and left me at the age of eighteen, possessor of a domain as extensive as it was useful, a charming retreat, and a great quantity of ready money. I had a sister, younger than myself, named Balkis, remarkably beautiful, and of a very amiable disposition. We were so tenderly attached, that we had promised each other never to separate.

"Both possessing a fortune greatly above our wants, we endeavoured to employ our riches in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures. Our house was open to our neighbours, to all strangers and travellers, and was also the asylum of the poor. Our fortune was almost wholly devoted to hospitality and benevolence. My sister had reserved to herself the department of giving alms, assisting th sick, and presenting the young maidens who were poor, with dowries, to enable them to fin respectable husbands. I had taken upon myself the charge of furnishing with work all the labourers who were in need of bread, and doing the honours of our house: on each festival our good villagers were certain of finding under our roof a homely, yet plentiful repast, which we shared with them. Then musicians were called in, dances enlivened the whole evening, and our guests, when they bade us farewell, crowned our brows with flowers, kissed our hands with tears of joy, and besought Heaven to watch over our prosperity.

"For four years I enjoyed that peaceful bliss, the charms of which are only known when it has fleeted away! My wishes were limited; no regret blasted my rest; I loved my sister, and was loved by her: this tender affection contented our souls. I heard blessings showering from every side on the name of Balkis; she sometimes heard praises of her brother, and this was the sweetest reward of our actions. In a word, I was the happiest of men, when one morning I received the visit of a young fakir who lived in our neighbourhood, and who every week was supplied with provisions from our table.

"Zulbar, said he, do you know the news? No, I replied, what has happened? The Queen of Tipra is dead, and the king has caused an edict to be published, by which all the young maidens of the kingdom, from the age of sixteen to twenty, are obliged to repair to an immense field in the vicinity of the capital. In the middle of this field is a narrow path, strewed over with the finest sand, on which some mysterious characters are to be lightly traced, with the end of a wand. All the young maidens are successively to run over this path, and she whose light footsteps will leave the characters uneffaced, is to be Queen of Tipra

"Why should I care, I replied, whom the king marries, the lightest or the heaviest of his subjects? How! exclaimed the fakir, will you not obey the King's commands? must not your sister Balkis repair to the field? Heaven, to reward her virtue, will place her on the throne. Think on the glory which waits her, and what scope she will have to exercise her benevolence. Think also, that her brother Zulbar, whose wisdom and talents have been comparatively lost in this obscure village, will perhaps soon dedicate to the happiness of a whole nation, these talents, for which he is accountable to God. In short, beware of forgetting, that religion and morality forbid you to oppose the will of Heaven.

"This awakened various reflections. My affection for Balkis, the hope of seeing her on a throne, which I felt she would grace; the consciousness that she would pour happiness on her subjects, and the desire ———

"Of being her minister," interrupted the ant; "this was the motive which caused your decision, without your having even acknowledged it yourself I know how to appreciate those disinterested sentiments in which our own interest is enveloped, and in which we conceal our ambition and vanity even from ourselves. You remind me of a certain fox, who one day was caught in a snare. See, said he to me, with a plaintive voice, what it costs me for loving my brothers too well. In passing by this trap, I feared that the bait it contained might draw some innocent fox to his ruin; I wished to remove it, and fell into the snare.

"But I will say no more, Zulbar, for I see you are very unhappy. You may proceed with your history."

"One would imagine that you are already acquainted with it, continued the unfortunate Indian. I conducted my sister to the field, and she was chosen by the king. From that moment she became the mistress of the kingdom, and had all the places at her disposal. Honours were heaped upon me, I was the favourite of the court, and received universal homage from all ranks of people. I was young, rich, credulous, and the favourite's brother. The nairs and courtiers overpowered me with caresses, and eagerly sought my friendship. I was not avaricious, but readily shared amongst my numerous new friends, my fortune, my credit, and my estates. I sold all my lands, that I might be able to lend them the interest; I incessantly fatigued my sister to obtain for them the post they desired; and I thought myself amply repaid for my trouble, and ruin, by the extreme gratitude of those

I had obliged, by the praises which were showered on me, and their pretended lively affection.

"Such friendship and universal homage at last emboldened my sister to have me appointed vizier. This was applauded by all the court; and I saw myself more praised, more beloved than ever. They already, in anticipation, celebrated the success of my administration; nothing was spoken of but my glory; and as I heard myself so often termed a man of superior abilities, I finished by believing it, and resolved to prove such. I applied earnestly, and employed all my time and judgment in well regulating the affairs of the kingdom, to render it flourishing, and to diminish the burdens of the people. I had hitherto been profuse of my own riches, but I now became avaricious with regard to those of the king. I abolished numerous abuses, and only real merit met from me with reward. I accomplished, nearly at the same time, the doubling of the public treasury, and the abolishment of half the taxes. I hoped by this to justify the good opinion I had gained. I reckoned that this success would render my friends a hundred times happier than myself, but alas, I had no friends. The people began loudly to murmur, and caballed to have me turned out of administration. Those who had shared my property were the most inveterate against me, particularly the fakir. This young man, whose fatal advice had been the cause of my coming to court, and who, as a recompence, I had raised to the dignity of chief of our priests, was at the head of my enemies. The king himself, each day, increased in coldness towards me; the greater services I rendered him, the less he liked me; I was detested by the court and the city; every body meditated my ruin; and, without the protection of Balkis, my persecutors would have caused me to perish on the scaffold.

"One idea still consoled me; it was, that the people were happier than they had been under my predecessors, although they were still oppressed by the nairs. The licence these great personages enjoyed, made them think they were above the laws. I seized an occasion of undeceiving them. The magistrate of police one morning informed me, that two young nairs having sought a quarrel the day before with a poor weaver, had beaten him with their sticks until he expired under their blows. I immediately sent for the two nairs, heard the avowal of their crime, shewed them the law by which they were condemned, and had them delivered up to the elephants.

"All the courtiers were indignant at this unexampled justice. My sister with difficulty saved my life: but I became the idol of the people, who called me their friend, their father; and thought, that as I had supported them when they were attacked, I should do the same if they commenced hostilities. The next day, two weavers having quarrelled with a nair, made him expire under their blows. I sent for the two weavers, heard the avowal of their crime, shewed them the law by which they were condemned, and had them delivered up to the elephants.

"From this instant I became the execration of those who had the day before adored me; and as I had no sister amongst the people to appease them, an immense armed crowd surrounded my palace, guided by former friends. My slaves opened the doors, and my wives shewed them my chamber. I had only time to escape by an unknown subterraneous passage, which communicated with the country; I exchanged my clothes with a mendicant, and sought refuge in an impenetrable wood. But soon, notwithstanding the perils I had endured, the friendship I bore my sister induced me again to enter the city. On my arrival, I heard the town-crier offering a reward of a thousand pieces of gold for my head; and I learned that Balkis, divorced from the king, had just been conducted out of his dominions. Still disguised, I endeavoured to follow my sister's steps; wandering from desart to desart, walking all night, and hid during the day, not daring to pass through the villages, but when compelled by hunger to ask charity.—Alas! I was refused even at the door of my own house; I bathed with tears the steps of my former dwelling, and was near expiring with hungar before that asylum which had so often been open to receive the unfortunate. At last, after innumerable fatigues, and having braved death a thousand times, having drank the last dregs of the cup of misfortune, I quitted the kingdom of Tipra, but could not find Balkis. I feel I cannot live uncertain of her fate; and, without your interposition, a blow from my poignard would have delivered me from my insupportable calamities. Do you still think them merited?"

"Yes, answered the ant. Why did you believe the fakir who praised your talents? Why conduct your sister before the king? Why accept the place of vizier? I could ask you why you did many other things. You did not then know, my friend, that the only blessing in this world is retirement. Retirement! gift of God! which Brama grants only to his favourites.—Sweet retirement! source of peace and happiness! this you possessed, mistaken man, and took great pains to lose this inestimable treasure! You tormented yourself, to furnish fortune with weapons for your own destruction.

"I was not born with half the advantages you received from nature. I was the eldest son of

the King of Baghadour; I was to have inherited his empire; and, without the advice of a Bramin, one of my friends, I should not have avoided this misfortune. This Bramin, named Dabchelim, initiated me early into the mysteries of wisdom, a study which is generally thought difficult, tedious, and complicated; but which consists only in two maxims: To injure no one, and live in obscurity.

"At the age of seventeen, my rank, my elevation, and the throne which threatened me, were the objects of my aversion. I began to know mankind; I had just seen my country torn by a civil and sanguinary war, the most tremendous that has ever been witnessed on the borders of the Ganges. The cause of this dreadful war was nothing but that one tribe had required the privilege of wearing pointed caps; another that every body should wear round caps; and the incensed madmen burnt the harvests, the villages, massacred their fathers and their brothers, the one for having those caps which had never cured them of an head-ach; the other for having torn off that head-dress they loudly abused, and secretly envied.

"So much pride and atrocity, obstinacy and ignorance, did not inspire me towards human nature with the contempt it deserved, but with the commiseration each fellow creature should feel for a brother. I resolved to fly, and hide myself amidst the solitude of deserts, to avoid the misfortuue of living with such wicked madmen. My father died, and, that very day, leaving an authentic writing, by which I yielded to my brother my crown and rights, I departed, accompanied by Dabchelim. We came and established ourselves in this solitary forest, which is more mysterious than you imagine.

"Here we built a hut, and planted in our garden the trees which were most necessary for our support; we cultivated the earth, and our tranquil days were crowned with virtue, labour, and friendship. Here, free from care, without having once been visited by affliction or illness, unknown to the world and forgotten, we remained one hundred years, enjoying together the charms of peace, the greatest of all blessings, and that delightful repose which poor worldly mortals cannot comprehend, while the pleasures of friendship, augmented by solitude, replaced all the vain amusements we had chosen to forego, and increased the joy we mutually tasted. How true was our happiness—the age that our existence lasted, appeared but a fleeting moment. Our white beards alone made us perceive that we were fast approaching the term of our career; yet our minds were not impaired by age: when, to heighten our felicity, Brama visited us in a dream: 'Sons of Adimo, he said, you have known real bliss; the time is arrived when your souls must forsake the prison of clay they have so long inhabited, and pass thro' the various changes which the will of Visnou has ordained. But you shall not be separated, your abode will be changed, but not your manners. Live again to be for ever happy; to love each other; and to be industrious in retirement.'

"At these words he vanished away, and suddenly awaking, I found I was under a bush of thyme, by the side of my friend, who, like myself, was changed into an ant. Delighted with our new state of existence, we thought it a blessing to be permitted to have the same sentiments and the same affections as before, and to fill less space in creation. We dug a cave beneath the bush of thyme; we explored the environs of our new dwelling, and learned that all the animals in this forest had been human beings like ourselves. Some happy, some unhappy, punished or rewarded, according to their deserts; the wicked become reptiles, fed upon their own venom; turned into mice, misers died with hunger in the midst of their stores; the vicious are changed into wasps, and expire by the side of an honey-comb; conquerors, warriors, and all those who, fired with the love of glory, spread terror and devastation over the world, are become timid deer, and are doomed to suffer as many deaths as they have inflicted in the field of battle; while just kings turned into bees, faithful husbands into doves, and virtuous men into various birds, work, love, and sing, as they did formerly.

"Such are the inhabitants of this wood, called the wood of metamorphoses. For forty years I have been an ant with my dear Dabchelim. We are contented with each other's company, and among the animals that surround us, have only chosen to make acquaintance with a lion, called Darud. This seems to astonish you, but you know not, my friend, that when the soul is freed from its human clay, it is no more susceptible of pride, and sees no difference between animated matter of any species. To her, as to Brama, a lion and an ant are equal. This brave and worthy animal, whom we visit almost every day, was once a common soldier, and fought sixty years for his country; for sixty years he was virtuous, incorruptible, and valiant, but always forgotten by his sovereign. The injustice of men let him die a soldier, but Brama made him a lion. It is he who often devours conquerors, rebels, and the disturbers of nations, now become timid deer; it is he who avenges humanity after having defended its rights.

"This morning he came to see us, and I left Dabchelim with him. I left our abode against the advice of my brother, who vainly represented to me that the leaves being wet, I might meet

with some accident. I did not believe him, and reached this wild rose tree; when, attempting to get on one of the roses, a leaf, dripping with rain, fell upon me, and, without your assistance would have crushed me. Thus you see, Zulbar, that I had drawn this misfortune upon myself, for having forgotten the maxim of the sage, which says, during the storm, and long after it is spent, do not leave the bosom of thy friend.

"If you will become our friend; if your misfortunes, as I imagine, have disgusted you with the vanities of the world, which thoughtless beings sigh for, I offer you the hut which Dabchelim and I built. There your days will glide in peace; you will be quiet and unknown, and you will find yourself happy, if you are persuaded of this truth, which I received from Dabchelim: "it is better to be silent than to speak, to sit than to stand, to sleep than to be awake, and the supreme good, is death."

The ant ceased: and more affected than astonished at this recital, Zulbar accepted her offer with gratitude. The hope of ending his existence in this retreat filled his soul with joy; but the recollection of Balkis mixed his joy with sorrow. Guided by the ant, he set off in search of Dabchelim; when, having proceeded a few steps, they heard a loud roar, that made Zulbar shudder and stop. "Be not afraid," said the ant, "it is our friend Darud, who is doing justice." They soon reached the bush of thyme, where the two friends lived; and the first object that struck Zulbar's eyes, was a woman lying senseless on the ground, at whose feet an enormous lion was placed, holding in his bloody claws, the mangled body of a man. Zulbar, recoiling, uttered a scream, but soon rushed forward, and terror being overcome by joy, clasped Balkis in his arms. It was she! it was his sister! who, conducted to the frontiers of Tipra, had been followed by the ungrateful fakir, whom Zulbar's protection had raised from obscurity, and who had conceived a criminal passion for her. Alone and helpless, in the midst of a forest, she would have fallen a victim to his brutality, had not Darud, attracted by her shrieks, rescued her, by tearing the fakir in twain; after which exploit, extended at her feet, he awaited with anxiety the moment when she should recover her senses.

Zulbar's attention and voice soon recalled her to life. She opened her eyes, knew her brother, and, springing into his arms, pressed him to her heart. Then turning to the lion, who threw upon them looks of anxious interest, both encircled his neck, and shed tears of gratitude upon his flowing mane; while the two ants, affected at this pleasing scene, shared their joy and happines.

Dabchelim and Darud learned, from the ant, Zulbar's adventures; and assured him, as well as the Prince of Baghadour, of their eternal friendship. They led him and his sister into the hut they were to inhabit. Darud took his post at the door; Dabchelim and his friend, fixed their abode in the garden; and Zulbar, and his beloved Balkis, surrounded at last with reasonable beings, acknowledged, that to be happy, sincere friends, and an obscure retreat, alone are necessary.

E. R.

SABINA;

OR,

MORNING SCENES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF A ROMAN LADY.

SCENE II.—*Hair-dressers; Perfumes; Dyes for the Hair; Mirror; Hair-pins.*

BEAUMARCHAIS, the witty tradesman and inimitable painter of manners, who is known to our readers, at least, on account of his Figaro and Tarare, conjectured, from a silk cloak, which his good fortune had caused him to find in a nocturnal visit to Vauxhall, near London, the age, the colour, the figure, the charms, the propensities, and the amours of the fair owner, and aided only by this single specimen of her seductive dress, presented her to the eyes of his readers, decked with all the attractions of beauty, both natural and acquired. This was certainly a far superior instance of combination to that which was recently afforded by the English, when calculating from the colossal hand which they brought away from Egypt, they concluded that the statue to which it belonged must have been at least one hundred and twenty feet high.

In like manner, had any of my sagacious readers been so fortunate as to find any part of the head-dress, the tresses, or hair-pins of our Sabina, whom we left at our last visit in the hands of her painters and teeth-cleaners, while a second class of female slaves, the hair-dressers, held themselves in readiness to twist and curl the natural and artificial hair of their mistress into braids and locks of the utmost elegance—undoubtedly such a discovery would have enabled them, even without the aid of my book, to form a complete idea of the ensuing scene. How busy and how ingenious would their imagination have been, while examining those relics of Sabina's toilette!

How ardently it were to be wished, that Prince Borghese, of Rome, who, with his friend, Gavin Hamilton, discovered, at Gabii, such rich sources of entombed antiquities, that with the treasures dug up there he formed the Museum Gabinum, would transmit to us the beautiful hair-pins, which, according to the accounts of certain travellers, were there found in a number of urns!—Who knows whether some of them might not have belonged to our Sabina? But, admitting that the Roman *principe* were more generous than his notoriously mercantile spirit will permit him to be;* supposing that he would bestow on us a trifling portion of those treasures, such an abundance of which he possesses, which would not make him poorer, but would extend the sphere of our knowledge. The exportation of antiquities from Italy, is just, at the present moment, a subject of odium and abhorrence, as foreign, uninvited connoisseurs, at the head of numerous armies, have made requisitions of works of art; and we can scarcely wish, without being extremely unreasonable, for what they have left behind, now that the recent researches of Pius VII. at Netuno, are of as little avail as the rigid prohibitions to exchange antiquities for English guineas.

From all this, the readers, to whom I allude, will perceive how gladly I would save them the trouble of reading the description of my second morning visit to Sabina. Under these melancholy circumstances, there is no alternative; and they must accordingly condescend to continue these visits in the company of an honest Cicerone, who will cheerfully communicate to them all he knows, be it little or be it much.

Sabina, with her polished skin, her newly-painted cheeks, and her renovated teeth and eye-lids, enters the circle of her hair-dressers, who are, on this day, obliged to exercise all their art, in order to give full satisfaction to their rigid domina. This day, it should be observed, is the fifteenth of July, on which is held the solemn review of the Roman knights. The lady, who is as good a judge of fine horses as of spirited riders, has bespoken a place in the balcony of a house belonging to one of her female friends in the *Via Sacra*, through which the pompous procession is to pass. The youthful Saturninus, who, as a distant relative of Sabina, is accustomed to attend her in her walks, and to parties of pleasure, and to escort her home when she stays out late, even after midnight, is this day to ride before the images of Castor and Pollux, the patrons of the festival. By his demeanour, he will, probably, attract the eyes and conquer the hearts of all the fair spectators. What a strong inducement is this for Sabina to surpass, if possible, the whole brilliant assemblage, in beauty and in dress; and, at the same time, what an obligation on her slaves to exert the utmost degree of their plastic skill on the hair of their mistress!

A head of hair, of a gold colour, or approaching to a fiery red, had become an indispensable requisite of beauty, among women of fashion, since the conquests of the Romans, in Gaul and Germany, where that colour was generally seen and admired among the natives. Those to whom it was refused by nature, were under the necessity of having recourse to art; and this too was the case with Sabina. In vain had she tried every kind of foreign pomatum and caustic-soap, for the purpose of colouring her hair. Its dark brown colour had become somewhat lighter; but yet it was neither of a deep yellow nor of a light red. She had already resolved to take the desperate step, already adopted by some of her friends, namely, to cut off, without mercy, her obstinate locks, and to order a red wig, especially as she had heard that a milliner, near the Temple of Hercules, had just received a fresh supply of beautiful Sicambrian golden hair, from the country contiguous to the Rhine. But in those days wigs were only used in cases of necessity, as the baths too easily betrayed the deception; or for the purposes of disguise. Sabina was, therefore, extremely unwilling to employ this last expedient. Fortunately, Nape, the eldest and the most trusty of her hair-dressers, had, a few days before, fished out of a Gallic perfumer, who had a shop in the Circus Maximus, the secret of a new species of ointment for effecting her purpose.—The manner of using it was this:—It was first necessary to wash the hair with ley, then besmear it with this ointment, and afterwards suffer it to dry in the sun. Sabina, in order to employ this method without molestation, had

* It is well known, that the Prince is such a jealous promoter of a genuine taste for the arts, that he sold, for ready money, all the ornaments of his wife, partly consisting of valuable antiques, even at the moment when they were decorating her person.

retired for some time to the country. The preceding evening her hair, after being rubbed with a dry yellow powder, had been carefully turned with a hot iron, and collected under a kind of cap made of a bladder. In this state she returned to town; and now while Nape is taking the covering from her head, she awaits the result of all her pains, and of all the sacrifices and inconveniences to which she has been subjected.

La! how red! Aurora herself cannot boast such golden tresses! Such are the joyful exclamations of the whole troop of damsels, as if upon a given signal; and Sabina, transported at the unanimous astonishment of her slaves, persuades herself that she discovers in her glass the accomplishment of her ardent wishes. She seats herself triumphantly on her chair, and four of her attendants fall to work at once to complete the important business of her head-dress; while the industrious Calamis is employed in curling the hair over the forehead and temples with an iron, which she has heated in a silver chafing-dish, Psecas *, with a dexterity which can only be acquired by long practice, spurts all over her dishevelled hair, the most precious oil of spikenard, and the most exquisite oriental essences, that they may the whole day exhale ambrosial odors. What the satirical Lucian appears, in a passage already quoted, to have said from a spirit of wilful exaggeration, is here literally fulfilled. "They squander," says he, "in these ointments the whole fortune of their husbands, and all the perfumes of Arabia are wafted from their hair." The Greek writers relate, that the consorts of the Persian monarchs often had the revenues of large and flourishing cities settled upon them, merely for the purchase of ointments and perfumes. On this single article of her toilette, Sabina certainly did not expend less considerable sums; she knew nothing, indeed, of all the boasted powders and pomatums distinguished by the name of a Pompadour, a Kingston, a Portland, &c. which have become so indispensable at the toilettes of our modern fine ladies; but what are all these in comparison to the perfumes and unguents of Sabina, or of any other Roman lady of the first rank? The perfumers of Antioch and Alexandria had, with truly wonderful ingenuity, prodigiously multiplied and increased the price of this article of luxury; two productions of India, the root of a shrub called *costum*, and the leaf of the spikenard, were the principal and most costly ingredients in these perfumes; many additions and refinements were made by the dealers, in which they always received new appellations, so that in the work of an ancient physician, on the arts relative to the toilette, he mentions the names of twenty-five different ointments.

Psecas having finished her work, is succeeded by Cypassis, a handsome negro slave, possessing abundance of personal qualifications, at the same time a perfect mistress of the art of intrigue, and on that account a favourite of her domina, who knows how to appreciate and to reward her secret services; to her is assigned the principal office in this department of the toilette. The hair being perfumed, and well combed, she forms it behind into elegant tresses, which she collects at the crown of the head into a kind of wreath, which in the language of the Roman ladies was called by the general name of *Nodus*, a knot, the form and ornaments of which were exceedingly varied.

The swarthy Cypassis is likewise entrusted with the care of the little casket containing the ornamental gold hair-pins, of exquisite workmanship; from these she selects on this occasion the most significant, and by means of it gives solidity to the head-dress of her mistress. The poor wench has indeed had a difficult task, to select from a dozen different pins contained in the box, that which most clearly expressed by its figure the secret wishes of Sabina. She was, at first, going to chuse the most elegant and beautiful, one which terminated in a Corinthian capital of the most delicate workmanship, serving as a base for two small elegant gold figures representing Cupid embracing Psyche; fortunately she recollected just at the right time, that all the pains bestowed on this day's toilette were for the sake of the young Saturninus. She had herself more than once accompanied her mistress to a private assignation with the favoured youth, in the temple of Isis, on the banks of the Tiber, and had there secretly witnessed the caresses lavished on the handsome young man by Sabina, in a retired corner of the temple; the sly Cypassis therefore preferred another pin which lay next to the former. This was also extremely elegant, and was embellished with figures of charming workmanship, by a Grecian goldsmith; it was surmounted, like the other with an elegant Corinthian capital, on which stood a small figure representing the goddess Abundantia, or Plenty, having a cornucopia in her right hand, and with her left caressing a dolphin that pressed close to her. Her head-dress consisted of two horns of considerable height, the well-known symbol of the goddess Isis, or the Moon. Sabina generally wore this pin when she attended the public worship of Isis, on the banks of the Tiber; but on the present occasion the pin had another signifi-

* This was the name given to the young girls who, by means of an art totally unknown to the moderns, spurted these perfumes out of their mouths upon the hair in an almost imperceptible shower.

cation, perfectly intelligible to him who was initiated into the mystery. "Would you chuse, Madam," asked Cypassis, with an arch smile, "to wear to-day the beautiful pin of Isis?" Sabina understood the hint of the sly Cypassis, and, with her regenerated eye-brows, gave the cunning slave a wink of approbation. On taking a pin from the casket, a slip of parchment, in which it had been wrapped, fell upon the floor; it contained a short epigram by Martial, who was at that time the favourite poet of the Roman ladies, and who, to gain their favour, had written on almost every part of their toilette, little inscriptions and epigrams, which they were accustomed to make presents of at the new-year, or at the festival called Saturnalia. The verses in which Cypassis had wrapped the above-mentioned pin, had been shortly before sent to Sabina by Saturninus, with a number of others by the same author, as something new; and their unexpected appearance at this moment excited in her a series of delicious recollections. Her nod of approbation was now converted into a gracious smile at the attentive Iris, craftily diving into every secret wish of her Juno.

"Read that, Nape!" exclaimed the Domina, who had suddenly become quite condescending to her slave, now standing just before her, to finish the last part of her head dress.—"Read it, Nape! does not the merry poet know how to make an inscription on the merest trifle?" Nape picked up the parchment, and read the following verses:

Tunica ne madidi violent bombycina crines
Figat acus sparsas sustineatque comas.

"Lest the anointed hair should spoil the light silk garment, let a pin fasten and hold together the scattered tresses."

Charming, charming! instantly exclaimed the whole troop of maids now waiting round their mistress; and charming, charming! echoed the other slaves, who formed a still wider circle about Sabina.

Nape, an accomplished hair-dresser, now completes the work of her companions. Sabina had had her carefully instructed in the whole theory of hair-dressing, so that she knew how to adapt it to every form of the head, every variety of hair and face, and even to the other parts of dress. It now became a consideration whether Sabina should bind the hair in front with a diadem, and suffer it to descend carelessly in ringlets over the temples, or whether it should form a toupee; the former, that is the diadem, was thus called, because it surrounded the forehead and temples, and suffered only the front hair to fall in small ringlets, but differed from the original diadem in this, that it rose in front, above the forehead, to a broader bandeau, in the form of a segment of a circle. Sometimes it consisted of a plate of massy gold, sometimes the band was only plated with gold, and decorated with pearls; but as this kind of head dress had an air of gravity and solemnity, on which account it was worn only by the most distinguished matrons, in imitation of Juno, and as Sabina wished less to excite veneration, than to please and to conquer, the preference was given to the toupee. This was composed of the hair itself, formed into an elegant bow in the front of the head, and generally accompanied with ringlets depending on each side.

During this tumult and confusion, occasioned by the dressing of one single female head, no one had a more fatiguing office than the wretched Latris. This was the name of the slave who was obliged to hold the mirror for her Domina, now to the right, and now to the left; by means of springs. The inventive art of the cabinet-maker endeavours at the present day to enable the lady, seated before her toilette, to give the glass affixed to it every possible direction, and elevation; but the Roman ladies had a far superior and a more convenient contrivance; they had living mirror-stands, slaves, whose sole employment it was to attend their mistress while at her toilette, to watch every look, and with astonishing address to hold the mirror now this way, and now that; sometimes even the humble servant, or Cicisbeo of the lady, when he obtained admission to her toilette, took the place of the slave who held the mirror, and thus complied with this precept of the celebrated master of the Art of Love:—"Blush not, however disgraceful it may be, to hold the mirror; it is not disgraceful in you to be the slave of your mistress."

But it was well worth while to have a particular servant for a mirror, such as was then used at the toilette of a Roman lady of distinction. These mirrors incontestably belonged to the most splendid and costly pieces of furniture with which the ingenious ancients were acquainted; they were not of glass, like ours, but of polished metal, like the mirrors of our telescopes. Sabina's toilette mirror is set round with precious stones, and consists of a plate of silver; and the artist who made it availed himself of the recent discovery of placing a sheet of gold under the silver, which causes the latter to reflect images still more distinctly. The circular frame of the mirror is attached to a handle of ivory, curiously wrought, on each side of which is fastened a little sponge, for the purpose of instantly wiping away the least damp or breath that may tarnish the surface of the metal; by this handle Latris holds the mirror in her right hand, while she keeps under her left arm the case of the mirror, on which is engraven a very appropiate subject, that

is frequently met with on antique stones,—a Cupid is holding before Venus Anadyomene, the mirror consecrated to her, and the figure of of which is still used in every calendar as the sign of the planet which bears her name.

The wretched Latris, should she ever damage this costly mirror, would forfeit her life for her negligence; it cost a far greater sum than the price paid for her to a slave-merchant of Alexandria. Seneca, the philosopher, probably alluded to one of these mirrors when reprobating, in these words, the prodigality of his contemporaries:—"One single mirror cost a lady a larger sum than in the early times of the state, the dowry given by it to the daughters of poor generals; the portion allotted by the senate to the daughter of Scipio, would not now be sufficient to purchase a mirror for the daughter of an emancipated slave!"

[*To be continued.*]

APOPHTHEGMS.

Most women want wit, only because they want education.

Why are those women who are virtuous always less witty than those who are not so?

The English *Spectator* says, he is sorry he cannot find out why women keep talking without knowing any thing. That is the very reason; because they know nothing.

Europe may perhaps behold ages of bad taste, but never any of barbarism: the invention of printing has prevented that.

The man of genius has only his single voice, or vote, in council, but he has also his knowledge and talents, which make him master of many others.

In every country where the women have no taste for finery, the men have no taste for the arts: and the fine arts are never cultivated with success but in those countries where the women possess graces.

All the application of the politician, the coquette, the military man, and civilian, the man of the world, the artist, should be confined to the present moment.

It is a gift to be able to think, another to think successively; it would be a much greater not to think at all. "You cannot imagine (said a thinker to me), how heavily my mind hangs on me."

The title of sage gives to Solon a pedantic air: he was, however, one of the most amiable of the ancients. "I grow old (said he), whilst I assiduously make my court to the muses, to Bacchus and to Venus, which are the only sources of pleasure to mortals."

The constitution of England is immortal, because a wise people can never be subjected by an interior enemy, nor a free people by an exterior one.

One of the most pernicious effects of luxury is its having multiplied those causes which hinder the propagation of the human species, by augmenting the objects of pleasure and dissipation. Some men enter into the world rich: they become frivolous, and consume their youth and their fortune in pleasures which are the image of marriage, without fulfilling its end; they marry when worn out, and die fruitlessly.

That country where there are the most projects, is the country where there is most money; and the country where most money is, is always that where there is most benevolence.

The mania of projects, is the mania of people who have nothing to lose.

Always mistrust the man whom you know to have been guilty of a crime which has been proved. A man can no more change his heart than his colour.

NICKNAMES.

I think nothing so stupid as most of the nicknames given and adopted in society. Monsieur de ——, nicknamed Cupid, was always very ugly; and his neglect of his person adds to this natural disadvantage a still more disagreeable defect. One day when he was going to a masquerade, he asked a person what he should do to disguise himself completely. "Put on a clean shirt, my friend," was the reply.

THE LADIES' TOILETTE; OR ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF BEAUTY.

[*Continued from Page* 522.]

CHAP. V.

Of the Propensity of the Female Sex for Dress.

IT is an old observation that dress constitutes full half of the existence of women; it has been under-rated; but consult the sex, and they will inform you how great is its importance.

The love of dress is natural to the sex: is it commendable? Undoubtedly it is. Dress doubles the value of a woman; it augments our pleasures and enjoyments by setting off her charms: it is the natural finish of beauty. Without dress a handsome woman is a gem, but a gem that is not set, and is in want of an intelligent artist to give it, by means of a brilliant chasing, all the lustre of which it is susceptible. Thus Ariosto, after he has drawn an exquisite picture of the beauty of Alcine, does not forget to bring in art to the assistance of nature, and completes his description with these words:—"To finish the picture, figure to yourself all that dress, subjected in its ingenious contrivance to good taste, and paying due respect to the graces and to nature, can add to a faultless person." In these lines he has comprized, I may say, all the principles of the art of embellishing the person by means of exterior ornaments. Dress must be subject to the dictates of good taste, and above all, it must be consistent with the graces and with nature.

Is no deviation from these sage principles ever observed in the sex? Never, if their sole object in dress is to please; but with this desire, so perfectly natural, so allowable, and which so often constitutes our happiness, is almost always associated another wish; that of vying in elegance with a rival, of surpassing her in the brilliancy of ornaments, in the richness of jewels, in luxury and magnificence.

Those females who thus overload their persons with superfluous, and often ridiculous ornaments, must, therefore, have forgotten that they issued bedecked with charms from the hands of nature, and that it is this same bounteous nature that has bestowed on them a thousand enchanting attractions.

Look at the youthful Chloe! fifteen springs compose her age. What freshness! what delicate colours! what a seductive figure! Her eyes, the colour of the heavens, are shaded by two elegant arches of ebony; the graces have half opened her voluptuous mouth, and two rows of pearls appear in beds of roses. She smiles, and Love himself becomes jealous of his most beautiful work. Her slender and elegant form charms the eye and excites desire, and the bosom of this new Hebe, agitated by a sentiment which she is unable to describe, awakens an involuntary passion in the soul. Tell me what art could embellish this celestial perfection? Would you cover it with gold or diamonds? Would you overload it with parasitical luxury? Oh! no; each ornament would conceals a grace, would rob it of a charm. A light and simple robe curving with complacency round her enchanting person; hair turned up with taste, or gracefully flowing; one single rose—and behold one of those elegant and airy nymphs with whom Albano has embellished his beautiful compositions.

The greater the beauty of a woman is, the less occasion she has for ornament, and the more simple, but yet elegant, her dress ought to be. Should not this incontestable truth have the effect of persuading women that the perfection of dress consists in simplicity, taste, elegance, and grace, and not in the singularity or novelty of costume, in the richness of the stuffs, or in the useless and ruinous luxury of jewels. Vanity is almost always the companion of bad taste.

Whatever makes women more beautiful, whatever sets off their charms, and the gifts they have received from nature, is their legitimate right; whatever renders them more gaudy and more vain, whatever leads them to substitute the merit of rank and opulence, for the merit which nature has denied them, only tends to aggavate their defects, to cherish their self-love, to excite rivalships, at the same time that it encourages prejudices in the other sex, who are sometimes induced to give an unjust preference to faded charms, tricked out in purple and gold, while they neglect the attractions of native beauty, which, unsophisticated by art and dress, languish unnoticed and unknown.

Certain moralists have censured dress: they are wrong for so doing. In the first place, it is of no use to censure a propensity interwoven in the very nature of the fair sex, a propensity which manifested itself at the beginning of things, and which must necessarliy last till the consump-

tion of ages. But I go still further and say, that the love of dress is in itself a laudable propensity. It indicates in women, and likewise in men, a love of order and propriety, esteem for themselves, and respect for others. People who have profoundly studied the world have even remarked that there is an invariable coincidence between the character and the dress of a person. It is extremely easy for an attentive and intelligent observer to form an opinion of people by their dress. Can you not distinguish at first sight, even in men (for I must likewise say something concerning my own sex), can you not distinguish, I say, the sensible man by the simplicity and decency of his appearance, equally free from puerile affectation and from cynical carelessness? Can you not distinguish the man who, having dressed for the purpose of pleasing, appears in clothes that display good taste, an elegant make, colours perfectly matched, gracefulness without presumption, and elegance without affectation? Cannot you distinguish the coxcomb, who, seeking only to make a figure, changes his fashions according to the caprice of the day, and prides himself on each in succession, whether ridiculous or not? Cannot you distinguish him who neglects his dress from pride, a cynical disposition, or singularity.

Thus every one carries about with him the stamp of his character: is not the same the case with women? Yes, doubtless. What a picture I could have exhibited! but I have too good an opinion of the imagination of our ladies; they will compose this critical picture not only with much greater ability, but likewise with much greater pleasure than myself.

The celebrated Lavater has very justly observed, that pesons who are habitually attentive to dress, display the same regularity in their domestic affairs. Young females who neglect their toilette and manifest little concern about dress, indicate in this very particular a disregard to order, a mind but ill adapted to attend to the details of house-keeping, a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love: they will be careless in every thing. The girl of fifteen who strives not to please, will be a slut and a shrew at twenty-five. Pay attention young man to this sign; it never yet was known to deceive.

The love of dress is therefore not only allowable, but is essentially requisite in women. It is an unequivocal sign of those qualities which we seek in them; it indicates cleanliness, amiableness, a love of order and of regularity.

What then is there to censure in dress? Extravagance, bad taste, the tyranny of fashion and luxury. Fashion and luxury! these are the bane of good taste, of private happiness, and public morals: But these two subjects deserve to be separately discussed.

Chap. VI.

Of Cleanliness.

There is in the toilette of women one very essential requisite, and which constitutes its greatest merit in the eyes of the delicate man; I mean cleanliness.

Cleanliness alone, unaccompanied by any other recommendation, has a right to please, to attract the eye, to gratify the taste, to excite desire; the toilette, without cleanliness fails in its object; it displays only idle pretensions, bad taste, and low sentiments.

A modern writer, the author of *L'Ami des Femmes*, has given a very bad definition of cleanliness, of which he conveys an exceedingly mean idea when he denominates it "the veil of indigence."

Cleanliness is that precious quality which nearly transforms a woman into a divinity, by removing from her every thing that might betray the imperfections of human nature.

Rigid attention to the person; frequent ablutions; linen, always white, which never betrays the inevitable effect of perspiration and of dust; a skin ever clean and brilliant; garments unsoiled by any stain, and which might be taken for the robes of a nymph; a shoe which appears as though it had never touched the ground—in these things it is that cleanliness consists.

To the preceding particulars might likewise be added, the scrupulous care to avoid every thing that might indicate functions that disenchant the imagination, by reminding the votary that the divinity whom he adores, is but a weak mortal, subject, like himself, to all the tributes demanded by imperious nature.

In this point the ancients were much more delicate than we. Among them the females were nymphs; nothing about them belied the charming images of the Poets who immortalized them in their works. How very far are the fair of modern times from the scrupulous delicacy of the women of Greece and Rome!

At Rome and at Athens the women could neither spit nor make use of a handkerchief in public. A Grecian female who had taken cold, was obliged to shut herself up in her apartment. She who should have violated the established usage in this particular, and have presumed to spit or blow her nose in public, would have been punished with universal ridicule and contempt. In a word, the functions of the handkerchief appeared so ignoble to the ancients, that the infringement of the laws of decorum, on this head alone, was sufficient to burst asunder the bonds of a tender union, to set lovers at variance, and to separate husband and wife.

We find a passage in Juvenal which prove

that the use of the handkerchief not only in public, but even at home, was sometimes the cause of a separation. The satirist in speaking of a man, who being disgusted with his wife, sends a freedman to order her immediately to quit his house: "Pack up your things," says the freedman, "and be gone; you are disagreeable to my master; you are continually using the handkerchief; make haste and depart; another woman will come whose nose will always be dry."

The Romans were so delicate that the word *sponge*, was with them an obscene expression, the use of which was consequently prohibited.

The conduct of the Greeks and Romans was perfectly rational. How many females would be more captivating, if nothing about them were ever to dispel the brilliant dreams of our imagination! Yes, charming women! ye are divinities to the man who adores you; but one solitary word, one single gesture, and the pedestal is demolished!

We are satisfied with imposing fewer restraints than the ancients; at least we allow our women the use of the handkerchief—a permission which, it is true, they have exceedingly abused.

There was a time when women wore pockets. In these the faithful and discreet depositary of a too abundant serosity lay concealed; the tribute paid to human weakness almost escaped the eye; it was but a short moment of weakness and every thing instantly disappeared.

But the pockets themselves also disappeared. In their place came the *ridicule*—What a term! Never mind—the ridicule was, I admit, somewhat less decent than the pocket; being continually present to the eye, it renewed rather too distinctly the recollection of its humble functions. But, alas! the ridicule too, that happy contrivance, which still left some room for illusion, has in its turn disappeared! To complete the disaster, our sex frequently supplied the place of the ridicule; men received the handkerchief, and tender lovers who fancied that they were sighing for a divinity, could no longer disguise the truth from themselves. What occasion have I to say more? They all had proofs of it in their hands. It was no longer Flora or Hebe, but plain Mary, or Sarah, attacked with a nasal or pulmonary catarrh. Oho! Mary, or Sarah, I wish you a good night, and better health.

(To be continued.)

"YOU ALWAYS TOLD ME TO MIND CONSEQUENCES."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

La Jeunesse, a native of Bourdeaux, was of a good Bourgeois family, and entitled at the death of his parents (which happened when he was very young) to a fortune of twenty thousand livres, about eight hundred pounds sterling.

As he was too young to have any choice of his own, his guardian thought it most adviseable to place him as an apprentice to Mr. Jeoffry Fireblade, an eminent sword cutler in Bourdeaux. La Jeunesse was not much pleased with his new master, as he rather wished to improve himself in his learning. "La Jeunesse, says old Fireblade, learning is nothing but nonsense, it never gets a a man a shilling, and is no use in the world that I know of, but to make people impertinent.—You are now, child, in the high road to preferment, and you may be one day of as much consequence to society and the world as I am. My business, you see (continued he) has very little to employ you, and as idleness is the root of all evil, you may find many opportunities and occasions in my family to employ such leisure; and in order to be useful in a domestic life it is necessary, child, that you understand consequences.

"Consequences, Jeunesse, are so necessary in a good servant, that there cannot be a proper discharge of your duty without them, and are indeed what every good servant ought to be acquainted with, as they save time, and shew a good head. Suppose, Jeunesse, I order you to bring my shoes, consequently I want my buckles; if I order candles, consequently you must bring the candlesticks and snuffers. In short, every thing that is dependent, or relative to what I send for, or order you to do, comes under the class of consequences; and your own head, which must always save your heels, will make you acquainted with this valuable precept."

La Jeunesse thanked his master for his kind instructions, and promised to take particular observance of consequences, and treasure up this advice.

La Jeunesse and his Master were disturbed in the midst of their conversation with a noise below stairs, the screaming of the servants, the barking of dogs, together with a strange confusion of human voices. Mr. Fireblade had scarcely time to recover from the confusion this uproar in his

house had occasioned, before he was met by the maid, who came running, open mouthed, staring like the picture of amazement, her cap in her hand, her hair hanging about her ears, and had just strength enough to cry out, "Oh my poor Mistress!" and flung herself into a chair.

It seems the sagacious Mrs. Fireblade, while her husband had been waiting on some of his customers abroad, had been out to visit a neighbouring gossip; and on her return, had the misfortune to have a tile fall from a builder's scaffold, which cut her head, and otherwise bruised her in so terrible a manner, that she was obliged to be carried home between two men.

Old Fireblade, who, from the maid's behaviour, expected no other than that his wife had been brought home dead, jumped up in a moment, overset La Jeunesse in his passage—run down stairs—his looks big with importance, to see what doleful misfortune had befallen his loving help-mate; he found her seated in a chair, with her head bound with an handkerchief, which was discoloured with snuff and blood, and might be justly stiled, as Smollet observes,—a flag of abomination. Every one present judged her to be dead or expiring; however, they were soon happily relieved by hearing her pronounce the words, "O Jeoffry, my dear Jeoffry!"

The good man made no other answer than by hallowing with great vociferation, "La Jeunesse, La Teunesse! run for Mr. Crocus, the apothecary, tell him to come immediately, your poor mistress is dying, she can't live an hour."

Poor La Jeunesse, having so lately lost his own mother, was well acquainted with the necessary appendages to a sick person; and ruminating on old Fireblade's doctrine of consequences, he considered, that, as his poor mistress was sick, she consequently would want a nurse; and not having any particular direction, called in his way on Mrs. Midnight, the old nurse, who had so lately attended his mother, and desired she would go immediately and help Mrs. Fireblade, who was dying: he then proceeded to the apothecary, whom he had the good luck to find at home. "Oh, Mr. Crocus, says La Jeunesse, you must go to my mistress, Mrs. Fireblade, and bring a Doctor with you, she is almost dead." "I will go first, says Crocus, and see if there is any occasion." "I am sure, says La Jeunesse, there is great occasion for a Doctor." "Very well, says Crocus, then I will call in my way on Doctor Recipe. Away went La Jeunesse, and luckily bethought himself, that as his master said his mistress was dying, it would be necessary to call on the Cfrate of the parish, to pray by his mistress as he had done by his mother; and happily finding him in the way, desired his instant attendance; at the same time desiring the sexton would be so good as to go to Mr. Sawdust the undertaker, and order him to attend immediately, for he was obliged to make all the haste he could home, for fear that his master should want him.

La Jeunesse made the best of his way home, rubbing his hands, and pulling up his breeches, by way of applauding his own care and diligence, in the strict observance of his master's orders respecting consequences.

When La Jeunesse went up stairs, to make a return of his message, he found old Fireblade in the dining room, surrounded by Doctor Recipe, the physician; Mr. Crocus, the apothecary; Mrs. Midnight, the nurse; Mr. Tythepig, the curate; and Mr. Sawdust, the undertaker, attended by two of his men, one with a bag of sawdust, and the other with a roll of black baize under his arm. These people were all talking together, without any regard to the sick woman who lay in the next room; though old Fireblade's voice was louder than the rest.

"Zounds, Sir, I say again, get out my house, do you think that I want to bury the poor woman before she is dead? What in the devil's name!—Lord have mercy upon us!—Why do you bring your sawdust and trumpery to my house for?"—"Sir, cried Mr. Tythepig, I protest I heard the lad order Pickaxe, the sexton, to go to Mr. Sawdust, and tell him to come to you immediately." "Sir, it cannot be, rejoined old Fireblade, a little innocent lad could never put such an imposition upon me.'' "Sir, says Crocus, I assure you, I was ordered to bring Doctor Recipe, who, to be sure will expect his fee." When La Jeunesse came in—"You young dog, says the Undertaker—you puppy, says the Doctor—you blockhead, says the Parson—young gentleman, says the Nurse—Sirrah, says old Fireblade, how come you to send all these people to my house, when I only sent you for Mr Crocus the apothecary?"

Poor La Jeunesse was thunderstruck at this reproof. "Sir, says he, I only obeyed your orders." "My orders, sirrah! I sent you for the apothecary." "Yes, Sir, says La Jeunesse, and so as I went along, I thought upon your directions concerning consequences, and as she was sick, I thought consequently, that she would want a nurse; and as I went for the apothecary, I thought consequently that she would want a doctor; (the physician smiled)—and as there was occasion for a physician, I thought that my mistress, as well as my mother, would want the undertaker; here the doctor looked glum;—and as you told me, Sir, that my mistress was dying, I knew that she would want the parson. I did it for the best, Sir, you told me always to mind consequences."

H.

ON SELF-IMPORTANCE.

LITTLE incidents are sometimes pregnant with instruction; and trivial circumstances, scarcely attended to by the majority of mankind, frequently furnish a clue that shall lead an inquisitive observer into the inmost recesses of the human heart.

One clue of this nature, my friend T. and myself picked up in the streets of W. and another upon our first entrance into the public room of the hotel where we now are.

As we were riding through the streets of W. the road divided, and being uncertain which to take, T. asked the simple question of the first person we chanced to meet.

"Good woman, pray which of these is the road to C?"

"Good *woman*?" cries the stranger, placing her arms a-kimbo, and giving a significant jerk with her head, "good woman, forsooth! I am no more a good woman than yourself, Sir. To let you know, I have lived in this parish seven-and-twenty years and a half, and never was called any otherwise than Mrs. Thompson, or Mrs. Mary, or so; and I'll not be good-woman'd at this time of life, I promise you; and so you may find your way for your pains, and learn to know who you speak to at another time."

My companion made her a most obsequious bow, confessing that he was, if possible, more sensible of his error than herself.

Upon our arrival at this place, we were conducted into the public room by a very smart waiter, who most politely asked us, "What do you please to want, Gentlemen?"

Unmindful of the dignity of office, I answered, "Why, the first thing I shall want is a pair of slippers, for my boots are uneasy: bring the jack, waiter."

The obliging smiles which were crowding into the muscles of his face, instantly checked themselves, and he preciptately retired. Bang went the door, the windows jarred, and the china rattled on the mantle-piece. It took me upwards of ten minutes, with the aid of courteous language and a glass of wine, to efface the severe contractions of his brow.

These two instances of self-importance are not so much to be considered as personal foibles in the parties, as faithful smples of human nature at large. This species of vanity runs through every class of men; nor escapes perhaps an individual in each class. All are vain of something, and think they possess some gift, some talent, some quality, which gives them a superiority over their neighbours; or at least enables them to maintain their balance. Thus doth the man of science prefer the acquisition of solid knowledge to the superficial frothiness of a wit, the wit considers the man of science as little better than a drudge employed in the collection of materials for himself to play with; while the man of sober sense, considers the one as a pedant, and the other as a coxcomb, where they are not employed in the investigation of useful knowledge, or in putting vice and folly out of countenance. The historian, the geometrician, &c. value themselves for being in pursuit of facts solely: the speculative philosopher regards these facts merely as the footsteps of investigation, and finds his superiority in the use which he makes of them; and an admirer of the *Belles Lettres* pitties them all, when they remain destitute of an improved taste, and refinement of their mental feelings. The divine swells with the idea of his being the man of God, and thinks himself, by virtue of his profession, as much superior to the physician and counsellor, as the soul is to the body or estate. The physician maintains, that, without health, a man can neither enjoy this world, nor suitably prepare for the next; and the advocate pleads, that he enforces those moral obligations, and secures that peace and property, without which health itself would be of little value. The king prides himself with being the sovereign of millions; and the minister is vain of being able to direct this sovereign as he pleases. The noble would resent being taken for a plebeian; and the man of independent fortune, were he suspected to be a tradesman. The wholesale dealer feels his superiority in not being obliged to serve behind the counter; and he that keeps a shop, would ill brook being mistaken for his own journeyman. A purchaser of old clothes prides himself on not being a chimney-sweeper; and the latter that he can work for his living. A vender of toothpicks, or matches, thinks himself above a common beggar; and beggars value themselves according to their stands, or degrees of mutilation.

It may be farther observed, that, allowing this self-importance to be a foible, yet it is one that renders us more contented, and happier in ourselves and in our stations, than if we were to eradicate it. Hath not Providence kindly thrown it in the composition of man, to soften or qualify the slights and contumelies to which the imperfections of his state may subject him? Or, as a fine-flavoured apple is sometimes grafted upon a crab, may not the virtues of mutual indulgence, respecting our little failings and vanities,

be grafted upon this principle of self-love; and thus the germ of pride be made to produce the fruits of benevolence and humanity?

But, a truce to moralizing, and I shall content myself with relating several instances of a similar nature with those already mentioned.

I had once an occasion to enquire after a gentleman who lodged at the house of an apothecary in the Strand. But the name of this son of Galen having escaped my memory, I was determined, like a cork-cutter, or seller of vials, to make application at every shop, of a medical aspect, from Temple-bar to Charing-cross. Seeing a bow-window, adorned with red, blue, and yellow tinctures, and with other artifices to take off the honors of physic, I ventured to enquire whether Mr. B. was within.

"Sir, (says a formalist, suspending a spatula in his right hand, whilst he was holding the door with his left,) I know of no such person."

"I understood that he lodged here, Sir."

"Who gave you to understand such a falsehood, Sir?"

"A concurrence of circumstances have let me into it, if it be one. My friend lodges with an apothecary on this side of the way, and near this part, and I concluded your's to be the house."

"Take my word for it, good Sir, your conclusion is false. As you seem to have trusted to your eyes more than your memory, they might have undeceived you, had you read my inscriptions. I am a wholesale chymist and druggist, and no apothecary, I assure you. Nor are my rooms for lodgers, Sir."

As he was sensible that no reply was requisite, he would not stay for one; but, performing a quick evolution, he made a precipitate march behind the counter.

However, I soon after found my friend, and was informed he was above stairs. Being my own pilot, I was steering directly into the drawing-room. The lady of the mansion begged leave to acquaint me, that she kept the first floor for herself and family; nor did she let the upper chambers but to oblige a friend. Asking pardon for the mistake, I ascended to the second story. The gentleman received me with a confused countenance: was sorry I should take so much unnecessary trouble: blamed the servant for not calling him down to me in his lower apartments: and took care to hint it was merely from choice that he chiefly resided in the upper room, as it was the most airy, and freest from noise.

At another time, I remember, being fatigued with the peregrinations of the morning, I stepped into a genteel coffee-house, near Lincoln's-inn, and ordered a gill of Lisbon.

"Sir, we sell no wine, by the gill, in this house," says a decent well-dressed lady at the bar, bridling her chin, and rubbing her hands, to give emphasis to the declaration.

"Why then, Madam, a small glass of brandy will do as well."

"Thou vulgar mortal! what, do you mistake the place of resort of the gentry for a gin-shop? On the other side of Temple-bar you may be accommodated with a three-penny glass, but I serve no such customers."

This was the only cordial I could get from my fair hostess, and it warmed me sufficiently till I got beyond Temple-bar, where I found the desired dram heightened by the great civility of the attendant.

At another time, a shoe-black near the Haymarket, seeing my shoes in a dirty condition, obsequiously saluted me with, "Japan your shoes, your Honour?"

Disclaiming every superiority of class, I answered, in the innocence and frolicksomeness of my heart, "Aye, come on, my Lord, and I will give you sixpence if you clean them well."

"D——n you, and your money into the bargain," says my hero, throwing an old wig into the pan, darting from a curve into a straight line, quick as an unstrung bow, and placing his hands by his sides, "I'd have you to know, Sir, I am, as straight and well-made a man as any in the kingdom, and no more a Lord than yourself, let me tell you."

"Come, come, Honesty, I know it, I know it; I was only willing to return the compliment you paid to my honour: be pacified, and I'll give thee another sixpence to drink my health, that thou mayest be assured I meant not to insult thee."

"God bless your Honour, you are a gentleman every inch of you."

He returned to his work, my shoes shone like a polished mirror, and I was entertained with the history of his conquests over the fair, during the whole of the operation.

Diverted with the scene, I was willing to relate it to my hostess in the evening, when I returned to my lodgings.

"Landlady, I have met with a humourous adventure to day."

"Sir," said she, in a grave accent, "it is not the custom in London, whatever it may be in other places, to give that title to the mistress of a hotel; the expression is vulgar, fit only for a pot-house, or an inn-keeper's, and I wonder any gentleman can make use of it. However," added she, with ineffable condescension, "I shall be glad to hear of your adventure."

This sudden shock took away my inclination for a recital: and the better to evade it, I proposed deferring my narratvie till after supper,

especially as she seemed somewhat engaged. After supper I complained of being fatigued and sleepy, and begged to be conducted to my chamber.

"Mary," commanded the hostess, "show the gentleman to the Dolphin."

"I shall be glad, Mary, if you would just air my bed."

The girl changed her complexion, bit her lips, and gave a toss with her head, which convinced me, that whatever freedom her mistress might take, I ought to have called her Mrs. Mary, or Mrs. Molly, at least; and, in order to make reprisals, she transfers the office to her fellow-servant.

"Sarah, shew the man that supped in the *George*, to his room; and he is to have his bed warmed, I think my mistress says."

The man in the *George*, walking to his bed in the *Dolphin*, was as heartily mortified at being curtailed the dissyllable *gentle*, as any of those could have been, whose vanity had contributed so much to his amusement: and he learnt that he was not able to laugh at the follies of mankind, without his own being included in the number.

TRAVELS THROUGH ANCIENT HELVETIA.

[*Continued from Page* 541.]

The repast finished, we adjourned to another chamber, where various games were introduced. One offers the chances of hazard, and the result of calculation. It is played with dice, on a square table, whereon are traced fifteen lines on which the players place their men, regulating them according to the points they throw with their dice.

Odd or even, gives all to chance. A number of counters are placed on the table; the player takes up as many as his hand will contain, and his antagonist guesses the number.

Heads or tails, offers but little more combinations. A piece of money is thrown up in the air, and to win it you must guess the side it will display when it falls. A counter, dedicated to Saturn, is made use of for this game; on one side is seen a ship, and on the other the head of Janus.

The game of dice is very general; it is said that the Helvetians learned it of the Suavians who inhabit the borders of the Rhine. It is the more or less points the player throws, which makes him lose or win; it is played with three square dice, on which are traced various lines representing the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Venus is the most favourable throw, which is the cast of the sixes; three lines on each of the dice is the worst throw; sometimes the player calls the number he wishes for, and, if it comes, he wins the game.

The game of *cockals* presents less variety; they have only four sides, while the dice have six, where are found the numbers 2 and 5. This difference is made up by playing with four cockals, which you shake for some time in leathern boxes, very wide at the bottom, and becoming narrower towards the top, the inside of which is full of a multiplicity of unequal dents and cavities, into which the cockal passes, and thus encreases the chances of the game, and renders dexterity of no avail.

Discus, on the contrary, gives all to dexterity; a circle is traced on a table, or the floor, and from a tolerable distance you must reach the centre by throwing a quoit.

While we were thus amusing ourselves, the children of the family were engaged in the various games of their age. They played at *odd or even*, with nuts and almonds; at *blind man's buff*, in which game one of the party, with a handkerchief tied over his eyes, seeks and endeavours to catch one of the others; at *testudo*, or turtle, where he who represents that animal lured by his companions, is obliged to remain in the same place till he has caught one of them; others hopped on one foot, and thus directed their steps towards the appointed bourne.

United together in another part of the apartment, the young girls did not mix in these sports, but they folded rose leaves in the shape of a bladder, and bursting them on their foreheads, judged from the noise they produced whether they should be married, become mothers, and have many children.

E. R.

SKETCHES OF BUXTON.

IN A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As I think you told me, when we last met, that you had never been at Buxton, perhaps a short sketch of that place, from whence I am just returned, may not be disagreeable to you; and, should you ever think of going there, you will have some idea of what you are to expect. We left York, by way of Sheffield, and after passing over some "heathy old moors," and a very rough road, arrived at Buxton on the 16th of last month. The prospect as you approach that place is certainly very bleak, and we could not help observing, that Providence had been very kind to the inhabitants of that country in sending them so salubrious a spring. The town stands in a bottom surrounded by barren hills, intersected every here and there by what Dr. Johnson calls "stone hedges," but enlivened by various flocks of sheep which graze upon their surface. The town is not large, and seems divided into two parts, upper and lower, but connected by a range of buildings placed on the declivity of the hill. There are many houses for the accommodation of strangers, but the chief place for that purpose is the Crescent, which stands in the lower division, and is allowed to be one of the finest buildings of the sort in the kingdom. It was built under the direction of Mr. Alderman Carr, of York, who, I am told, esteems it his master-piece. The space within the semicircle is two hundred and fifty-seven feet, and the building contains upwards of three hundred windows. It is constructed of very fine stone, and in the center of the balustrade, which extends the whole length of the building, are placed the arms of the Cavendish family. I am informed it cost the Duke of Devonshire, to whom it belongs, 16,000*l.*; but that he paid for it out of one year's profits of a lead mine of his in Staffordshire, and that he reckons Buxton the best estate he has.

There are two hotels in the Crescent, the Grand Hotel, and St. Anne's, which take up the two ends of the building; the intermediate part consisting of shops, where they also can accommodate strangers, when both the hotels are full, and they may either dine at the hotel or have their dinner brought them.

But, however, there is now another building erecting for the accommodation of the shopkeepers, so that the middle part will, in future, be converted into another hotel; it being found to pay better. Near the Crescent the Duke has erected some very fine stables, in the form of an octagon; "supposed," says the Buxton Guide, "to be the grandest in Europe;" in the inside of which there is a circular space of one hundred and sixty yards by three and a half; where ladies and gentlemen may ride when the weather is unpleasant; and, for the accommodation of the pedestrians, in the same weather, there is a colonnade the whole length of the Crescent. But the oldest building for the accommodation of the invalids is the Hall, said to have been built in the reign of Charles I. and close adjoining the Baths, to which, however, the Crescent is so near, that persons may get to them from thence without inconvenience. The air of Buxton is accounted very salubrious, and is the only medicinal part of the place of which I partook; for, as I was in very good health, I thought it best, according to the old adage, to "let well alone."—However, the waters, whether taken inwardly, or used as a bath, have long been in great repute, and are said to

"Make the arthritic staff and crutch forego,
"And leap, exulting, like the bounding roe!"

But those who go there for their health will do well to consult "The Buxton Guide," where they will find much more on this subject than is necessary for me to relate to you.

But the greater part of the company who resort to Buxton during the year, (and their numbers, my "Guide" informs me, are often more than seven hundred,) go there for pleasure, and to kill time, so you will perceive it has attractions; and, I am told, it is supposed to be one of the genteelest watering places of any in the kingdom. There is a very large and elegant assembly room at the grand hotel, where there are balls three times a week, and a theatre not far from it, where, on the intermediate nights, you may be entertained with a play; and those who prefer a game at cards, may generally engage with some party either at their respective homes, or in the card-room adjoining the assembly. There is one thing, however, in which Buxton differs from most other public places: that species of animal called a *black-leg* is there quite unknown. Besides the amusements I have already mentioned, there are frequently to be seen, during the day, exhibitions of natural or artificial curiosities:

and twice whilst I was there little Miss Randell, about seven years old, accompanied by her blind father on the harp, entertained the company with her charming performances on the forte-piano; and a few days before our arrival, the company were gratified with the inimitable acting of Master Betty.

There are likewise for your amusement in fine weather, various rides and walks, and those who have the power and time, may make excursions to the many curious places to be seen at a distance; a description of which will be found in the Guide. But what I may term "the home circuit," which may be traversed either on horseback or on foot, is a pleasant road of about three miles round, lately made for the benefit of the company, by his Grace of Devon, and generally known by the name of "The Duke's Ride;" during the course of which you come to a place called the Lover's Leap, "where Nature roams majestically wild, knowing no laws save those her God hath made." Indeed it is one of the most romantic spots I ever saw. It consists of a narrow valley, with very high and rugged rocks on each side of it, and a murmuring stream running at the bottom, intercepted every now and then by huge masses of stone, which have, perhaps, at some remote period, fallen from the adjacent rocks, whilst various trees, growing out of different clefts, and nodding over the valley, heighten the beauty of the scene.

But one of the chief curiosities which many people visit, and which is a short walk from the town, is Pool's Hole, a large cavern running a considerable way under one of the hills. The passage into which you enter is, at first, so very low and narrow, that it is impossible to go forward without stooping; however, after having proceeded between twenty and thirty yards, the place becomes spacious and lofty, from the roof and sides of which drops of water continually issue, and where you may observe many curious figures. To this place I was conducted by an old woman and a little girl, each of us carrying a lighted candle in our hands, but as the road here began to ascend, and I found it slippery, I went no farther; the girl, however, skipped up the rock for a considerable way, holding up two candles to shew me how much farther I might have gone. When I came out I was surrounded by a parcel of clamorous old women, each expecting something, and meaning, forsooth, that I should pay, not only for those who conducted me into the cavern, but also for those worn out in the service. There are many shops in the town where you may purchase different beautiful articles, made of Derbyshire spar, and other natural curiosities found in that country.

Having now given you a tolerably long description of Buxton, I must descend to other matters, and give you some account of our eating, drinking, sleeping, and society, "though last, not least, in our esteem."

As we were recommended to go to St. Anne's Hotel, we ordered our postillion to drive there, but it was so full we could only be accommodated with beds at the top of the house. Looking through the balustrades, however, we had the advantage of breathing the pure æther whenever our windows were open. We arrived too late for the public dinner, but we joined the company at tea, and in two days found ourselves quite at home. There is a common room in which many parties assembled in the morning to breakfast, and it served for those to sit in during the day who had not a private room, or did not go out, and for tea and cards in the afternoon. We breakfasted usually about ten o'clock, which seemed to be the general hour; dined in the long room about half past three. When we first got there, I concluded there might be near sixty persons dined at the public table, and I was informed there were about forty more in the house, whom we never saw; the person who has been longest there presides as chairman, and each person rises higher up the table as the elder ones go away. Two Ladies, indeed, of my acquaintance, I found there, who had a private apartment, for which they paid a guinea a week. It was large and lofty. We generally had a great variety at our table, though, as you may suppose from our situation, not much fish, and as each had his wine to himself, there was no pushing the bottle about, and consequently we had no temptation to break through the rules of sobriety. After tea, if we did not go to the rooms or the play, we generally had a sober game of whist, or a merry round game, and after supper the song, or the glee; and then, like sober folks, we usually went to bed at an early hour. Thus, I have nearly gone through the routine of the day. Our mornings, indeed, were spent, according to the taste of each individual: some to the news-room, or circulating library; some to billiards, or the ride, or the walk. As to myself, I generally employed my mornings in botanic excursions, traversing the distant hills, or rambling in the valley; and, though rather late in the season, I found many of the rarest species of the vegetable world, particularly amongst the rocks at the Lover's Leap; but, as you are no botanist I will not trouble you with a list of them. On Sundays the company either resorted to the parish church, or attended prayers in the great assembly-room, where generally some clergyman or other, a visitor at the Spa, was kind enough to officiate; and where I heard an excellent and appropriate sermon on the duty of

of the rich setting good examples to the poor. The church is a small one, and by no means sufficient to hold all who wish to go there; however, it is about to be enlarged, towards which perhaps you are a subscriber, as a brief has been read in most of our churches; and the Duke intends, next year, to begin a chapel near the Crescent, for the use of the company. There is a Girls' school in the town, chiefly supported by the company who resort there, as every person who is two days at the place, is asked for a shilling towards it, and another shilling towards the support of the poor who go there for the benefit of the waters; books of which are kept at the different houses. There is likewise a Sunday school, and Psalm singing seems much attended to there, as indeed I am told it is throughout the county. There are also two manufactories for making straw bonnets, and a patent black lace, which employ a number of poor children, and are well worth seeing, as are also the cottages formed by the poor out of old lime quarries under the hills. It is a common report that it always rains at Buxton, but out of eighteen days that I was there, we had only two rainy ones. But to return to our hotel. We found many very pleasant people there, though we had no Grandees, and some very pretty young ladies whom I shall not attempt to describe, lest you should think that I am already more than half in love, and what if I am:

Allow me to muse and to sigh,
  Nor talk of the change that you find;
None once was so watchful as I,
  I have left my dear Phillis behind.

However, I spent a very pleasant time at Buxton, and left it with regret.

Enclosed I send you my bill of expences during my residence at the hotel. Yours, &c.

York, October 7, 1806. G.

FROM SEPTEMBER 15, TO OCTOBER 3, 1806.

	£.	s.	d.
Lodgings	£.0	18	0
Servant's bed	0	9	0
Eighteen breakfasts	1	7	0
Eighteen dinners	2	5	0
Sixteen teas *	1	0	0
Eighteen suppers	1	7	0
Wine	2	5	0
Beer	0	13	10½
Servant's eating	2	15	6
Beer, ditto	0	6	0
	£.13	6	4½

BEAUTIES OF MODERN LITERATURE.

ACCOUNT OF A REMARKABLE CAVERN.

FROM OLAFSEN AND POVELSEN'S TRAVELS IN ICELAND.

THERE are many caverns in Iceland, but that called Sourther is the largest, the best known, and the most remarkable, as well on account of its form, as from the details given of it in the ancient and modern histories of the country. In these histories its name is said to be derived from that of an enormous giant, who resided in it, and the inhabitants believe this fable, but it is probable that the name of *Sourtour*, which means black, was derived from the colour of the rocks, in which it is situated.

There is no doubt that this cave has been inhabited, not by giants but by vagabonds, who escaped to avoid punishment for their crimes, which is probable both from its situation and the following anecdote. In two of the ancient histories it is stated, that, in the tenth century, a body of thieves took refuge here, and found a safe retreat, because from superstition, no person would approach the cave, and when they went out to commit their depredations, they had on one side a number of villages, and on the other the land of Arnavatn, which was always covered with sheep and oxen at pasture. One day, however, they were surprised by having their retreat cut off, and being surrounded in a little valley. Several other tales are told of different bands of robbers, who have successively resided in this cavern, which have made such an impression on the minds of the people, that none of them will attempt to enter it.

Our travellers visited this remarkable cavern: M. Olafsen had already seen it in the year 1750,

* I twice drank tea with some ladies in private; and gave a one pound note for the servants.

but had not been able to penetrate far, on account of the want of torches and other necessary things. The peasants of the district made every possible attempt to deter them from their project, by insinuating that they would never return, as the spirits never failed to punish the curious by killing them, or preventing them from finding their way back: these tales, however, only stimulated their curiosity.

This cavern is situated to the south of the land of Arnavatn; and the country and its environs consist of rocks of lava melted into masses, and exposed to the air a long time before the country was inhabited. It may be seen from the course of the lava, that the eruption took place from the glacier of Geitland or the rocks behind it, and that the flux ran between the glacier and another mountain called Eryksnypa, whence it afterward separated into two branches. Indeed the whole of this extent of country, presents a striking and extraordinary picture of the action of subterraneous fire. On one side may be seen large masses of detached rocks, and on the other, perfectly horizontal strata of stones, melted and mixed into all manner of forms and figures. There may frequently be seen large crevices, vaults, and arches in the rocks, but particularly three caverns, situated a quarter of a mile to the south of the Sourther. One of these was formerly considered a very convenient place for collecting the sheep, when sending them to pasture, it being very long with an entrance only wide enough to admit the sheep conveniently; after which they dispersed themselves over the cavern, which was large enough to contain two thonsand of these animals. The third of these caves is the longest of all, as it receives at one end a branch of the river of Nordling, and disembogues it at a distance of a quarter of a mile.

The entrance to the cavern of Sourther is gloomy, and runs from N. W. to S. E. but preserves its height, which is from thirty to thirty-six feet, while its width is from fifty to fifty-four. Its soil, or bottom, is uneven, sometimes rising, and at others falling; its partitions are the same, only that there is an equal distance between them. On advancing, it is perceived that the cavern turns to the south, and afterwards to the S. W. and W. n proportion as it diminishes in width.

Our travellers on entering the cavern, lighted a torch, of which they had brought a supply from Copenhagen; it was well covered with wax and a thick coating of rosin, so as to resist the strong current of air that prevails in subterraneous passages, as well as the drops of water that fall from the upper rocks. Their progress was the most difficult and dangerous that can be imagined, on account of the inequality of the soil, which was covered with large fragments of stone, and to the fall of which they were incessantly exposed, as great numbers drop every year. The vault of the cavern possesses almost the same degree of irregularity; the roof is full of cavities, which afford passages for the filteration of water.

In this cavern their are stalactites of various sizes, the largest are three inches long by two and a half in diameter at their base; they receive by fusion the same form as lava-stone, and appear to be composed of the same substance: they are, however, rather finer, and are covered externally with a reddish coloured varnish; internally, they are more or less porous and compact, proceeding probably from the greater or less degree of heat, to which they have been subjected.

The sides, or partitions of the cavern, produce the greatest effect, as they are covered with a sort of varnish in horizontal squares, separated by borders in relief. This varnish is formed of a very fine vitreous, but opaque matter: in some parts it is black, but it is generally of a greenish colour, and similar to that employed in the manufactories of earthenware. This varnish as well as the stalactites just mentioned, affords a certain proof of the operation of subterraneous fires, and that the lava, in a state of fusion, has passed, like a rivulet through this channel, while it began to cool on the sides and top of the cavern. The flux of lava must have given to the cavern its present form; while the same fusion must have covered the sides with the metallic alkaline varnish, by melting the interior crust of the cavern in those parts where the heat was strongest. The same cause must also have produced the stalactites.

After reaching a certain distance within the cavern, they perceived the light of day breaking through an aperture in the summit; and on passing this hole the cave became as dark as before, and they observed on each side at the height of some feet, the mouths of two other caverns. When strangers visit this country, they are often induced, from curiosity, to proceed thus far in the cavern; our travellers ascended to that on the right: and then saw two other excavations, separated by one partition. One of these last caves is narrow, and of no great extent, but the other is double its size. A small portion of light is perceptible at its entrance, and its height enables a man to stand erect; it is supposed to be thirty feet long; its top is arched, and its bottom is smooth, reddish, and declines at the entrance. Messrs. Olafsen and Povelsen found here some large bones of an ox, or similar animal, which they considered as the remains of antiquity, because they were soft and friable, though they were not exposed either to the attacks of water, wind, or weather; they also remarked some common stones of a cubical form, and of a different nature from those of which the rock of Sourther is com-

posed. It is therefore very probable, that they had been brought thither for making a fire-place as their arrangement seemed to indicate that they had been used for this purpose.

Having examined these small passages, our travellers returned, and proceeded towards the great cavern at their commencement, and to enter which it was necessary to climb an equal height. They found it much larger, but more hideous, and totally dark. On first entering, they supposed it to be nothing but a simple cavity; but on passing forward they discovered, in front of the entrance, a small partition, or kind of column, which, however, was of no great extent: it is a kind of gallery extending beyond the cavern, and to which they formerly gave the name of the Little Fort. On one side is a wall, or kind of rampart, built of lava-stone that has been conveyed thither for that purpose. The Stourlonga-Saga, Vol. 5. represents this place as a security against any attack, because those who take refuge in it can discover all who come towards them, and prevent them from ascending; while the attacking party is obliged to proceed in darkness.

"At ten paces from the assent, we discovered an elevation of two feet and a half, extending thirty-six-feet, by fourteen in width, and having in the middle a path about two feet broad. It is precisely in front of the entrance, so that one cannot proceed farther into the cavern without scaling it: it consists of lava stone of a square form, which must have been conveyed from the outside, and we are satisfied beyond a doubt, that this cave must have been the retreat of the criminal fugitives to whom we have alluded. The bottom is covered with a very fine black sand, on which they spread sheep-skins, which served them for beds: it is large enough for twenty persons to lie with convenience, provided they place themselves across, instead of along it.

"Near this spot we found a large heap of sheep and ox bones, the base of which was twelve feet in circumference; they had preserved their form and natural colour; but on taking them into the hand, they were so soft that they crumbled to pieces. We demolished the upper parts of this heap and, on reaching the lowermost stratum, we found it almost in a state of dust; the bones of which it had been formed resembling boiled pease, from which the water had been strained. The remains were still moist, and possessed a sort of glutinous quality; we found that the marrow of these bones had separated, from corruption, into two parts longitudinally."

Our travellers expected to meet with some other remains of antiquity; but their researches were fruitless; all the caverns and other parts of the country having doubtless been searched, and excavations made in them with great assiduity, particularly at the time of the Stourloungues, when there was a great scarcity of arms. Our party only found in the place just mentioned, as appropriated for rest, a single small tool, which was but half finished; it was five inches and a half long, and formed a kind of bodkin, the upper end of which was perforated in two places, and the lower end was incomplete. It appeared as if this instrument had served the fugitives for a needle to sew their sheep skins; and the rags which they used for clothes. They saw no traces of hearths, except some stones placed in squares, and which had been reddened by the action of the fire; but they found neither cinders nor ashes. There is reason to believe, that they ate their food in the two large chambers or cavities already mentioned, which must have been more convenient by securing them in a great degree from the smoke, which had no proper outlet.

They afterwards went farther, with a view to arrive at the heart of the cavern, which grows considerably narrower, till it is not more than a foot in height, by even a less width. The Cave called the Fortification, from the rampart already mentioned, is 50 fathoms long, while its greatest width is a fathom and a half, and its heigth is nearly the same. It is so narrow and low in the middle, that one can scarcely pass through it on one's knees, and when our travellers thought themselves at the end, they found that it again widened into the form it had before; towards the place where it becomes so narrow, the soil ascends considerably, and afterwards slopes down; at the end of this declivity, our travellers found a lake of fresh water, the bottom of which was frozen. They passed it with the water up to their knees, and at every step they had additional proof that the whole of these caves had been formed by the melting or dissolution of stones. The great Channel being at length blocked up for some time, and the fire not being able to find a vent, acted upon the sides, and melted the more dissoluble earths and stones, but before the fiery matter could thus find an outlet, the great canal had forced its way, and had ceased to have any action on the caverns. The narrow passage that our travellers found, proves however, that the fire did not operate with the same force upon the rocks in that spot, or could not reduce them so easily as the others, because they were of a harder and more resisting nature.

On leaving the cavern of the fortification, our travellers proceeded further into the Sourther, they had a difficult route, on account of the rocks which were detached from the top, and at times were obliged to pass on their hands and knees through intermediate spaces filled with water, and soaked through by the drops that filtered from the top. Some of the detached fragments

of the rock were upwards of five feet six inches in height: at length after many attempts to advance, they perceived some rays of light penetrating through an aperture in the roof, and on reaching this spot they found above the hole a heap of ice and snow, which had remained since winter. They pursued their road to a good distance when they perceived an aperture, but before reaching it, they found a wall that divided the cavern into two equal parts, this wall was below the hole, but it had fallen to decay. The cavern afterwards branched off into two galleries, the left of which was 20 feet in length, and the right much more, while in both of them they every where observed the effects of fire. The gallery to the left at last became so narrow, that they were obliged to creep on their hands and knees; and at this part they smelt a kind of fetid exhalation, propelled by the air of the subterraneous channels; it was an infectious miasma, similar to that which arise from stagnant marshes. Our travellers, however, were not much incommoded by it.

They afterwards proceeded into the gallery on the right, where the cavern regains its former size; and here they found a lake of fresh water, which entirely stopped their passage. One of these gentlemen had arrived at this lake in the year 1750. He then found its bottom was frozen as at present, but its water was too high to permit him to cross; he ascertained that it was three feet deep at the brink, from which he presumed that it must be much deeper in the middle. At his present visit, however, it was different, the ice at the bottom was thicker, and formed two sheets, one above the other; on this account there was but one foot of water, and they easily passed through it by keeping close to the wall above mentioned.

After having overcome every difficulty, they proceeded with ease to the other parts of the cavern; the floor here was level, and they no longer met with fallen masses of stone and rock; but they perceived that the soil gradually became steeper, and that the cavern curved to the S.S.W. They also here found but little, either of the stalactites or the varnish, lately mentioned; which proved, that the terro-aqueous matter that formed them, must have been, in this part, more coarse and much scarcer.

The air now became very cold and dense, and the darkness so much increased, that they went from 300 to 400 paces, without perceiving a ray of light; they at last, however, observed the fourth and last hole in the roof, which gave them much pleasure, as it afforded a current of fresh air, and an easy assent, by which they quitted the cavern.

They perceived no difference in the air, as they advanced into the dark part of the cavern; but afterwards it became more thick and condensed; and, on proceeding, the obscurity increased to such a degree, that, notwithstanding the strong light thrown out by the torches, they could only see two or three steps before them. Advancing a little further, they found that the thick vapour that fell about them resisted their breath, which could only arise from the great degree of cold, the effect of which was visible on the walls, as the whole of them was covered with a thick ice, in long and large lumps. The ground was frozen in the same manner; but they ran no risk of slipping, because the ice was covered with a moist and brownish earth, which had fallen from the roof of the cavern in consequence of the filtration of the water.

They considered it as a remarkable circumstance, that to the lumps of ice were attached pentagonal and heptagonal figures, very similar to those observed in the second stomach of ruminating animals. There is no doubt that these figures have been formed in the ice by the cold and compressed air: they did not appear in the superfices, but in the interior of the ice, which was compact and transparent.

Our travellers now thought that they had proceeded as far as possible; endeavouring, nevertheless, to go still farther, they perceived that the air was more rarified, and that the soil began to rise; while the ice was no longer visible, and their torches burnt clear. The situation of the water was also very inconsiderable; but it had carried with it such a quantity of the moist mould already mentioned, that the bottom was so covered with it, as to render their progress very fatiguing. They now came to an ancient heap of stones, which had been carefully arranged; and not far from this spot, they found a piece of birch, which had been broken in two.

Having no other object to examine, Messrs. Olafsen and Povelsen returned, and in remembrance of the research, they affixed their seals on the summit; they also left two pieces of Danish silver coin, to prove to those who might undertake the same journey, that they would not be the first who had executed a project which perhaps might be considered as fool hardy.

FAMILIAR LECTURES ON USEFUL SCIENCES.

ON DANCING.

The grave Motesquieu has written on dancing as follows:—Dancing pleases by its lightness, by a certain grace, by the beauty and variety of its attitudes, and by its connexion with music, &c.

No one should attempt dancing, that cannot excel in it. The mind may be read in the dance as much as in most conversations held in a numerous company. A good band of music is absolutely necessary to dance properly; and then the dancers ought to possess a sufficient knowledge of music to attend precisely to all their motions and attitudes. The gracefulness and ease of the French performers, afford almost as much delight to the spectators as to themselves. Dancing appears to be more an affair of system and sentiment there than in England.

Noverre said, of a celebrated opera dancer, " She is, whilst dancing, always tender, always graceful, sometimes a butterfly, sometimes a zephyr; at one moment inconstant, at another faithful; always animated by a new sentiment, she represents, with delicacy, all the shades of love."

Such dancing is the true *poetry of motion*.

During the reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. at the court-balls, the Princess, or other lady, whilst dancing a minuet, was always obliged to turn her front to the King of France, and consequently her back to her partner, who was under the same necessity!

In the fashionable balls at Paris, (of which there are, during half the year, fifty or sixty almost every evening) ladies may be seen, in the midst of winter, with naked arms, uncovered bosoms, their hair braided in a spiral line behind the head, their legs without stockings, and under their feet only a thin sole or sandal, fastened with slender ribbands, showing their toes ornamented or rather incumbered with a number of rings; and ostentation makes them dissemble the pain they must feel in forming the dancing steps.

Soon after the execution of Robespierre, the released prisoners instituted subscription-balls, which they called *Bals à la Victime*. The qualification for a subscriber was, that he or she must have lost a grandfather, grandmother, father, mother, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, son, daughter, husband, or wife by the *guilotine*.—However, the rage for this species of dancing-assemblies soon subsided.

The *Bals à la Sauvage*, consisted of ladies and gentlemen who were dressed, or undressed, like savages. Some of these wore no other covering than a green silk net, of which the meshes were extremely small and close, and exactly fitted the entire person. These too had their day, and are no longer in fashion.

In cellars, even at the further end of blind alleys, in dirty beer-houses, to the sound of a paltry fiddle, or hoarse bagpipe, every Sunday, and every Decade (for the populace keep double holidays), and often in the intervals, the water-porters, charcoal-heavers, &c. dance so as to make the floors shake with their heavy capers. The place is lighted by four ends of candles stuck in clay, on two bits of wood laid crossways, or by a few lamps set on the ground along the walls. In the midst of clouds of tobacco-smoke, and the smell of brandy, may be seen, rising and falling again, without cadence, or regard to time, unimaginable dancers; and behind them groups of hideous men and women, seated on worm-eaten and half-rotten benches, beslobbering each other with kisses. Sometimes the hob-nailed shoe, in its jerk, crushes a lamp, and bespatters the dancers with the oil; that signifies nothing, for the inflamed oil, or tallow, does not bite on the tanned hides of those *Vestris*; and no stain can be perceived on the shoes, stockings, or petticoats of the company.

They take up their yokes and slings, and depart, after giving each other a few knocks on the pate by way of diversion.

To such noisy orgies, where not only dancing, but also drinking, is carried to excess, may be applied Cicero's words:—*Nemo saltat sobrius.*

These words are in Cicero's defence of L. Murena, one of the consular candidates, who was brought to trial at Rome, in the six hundred and ninetieth year of Rome; Cicero was then forty-three years of age; he was born one hundred and seven years before the Christian era.

In the words of Dr. Conyers Middleton (who died in 1750), in his Life of Cicero, " The accusation consisted of three heads; the scandal of Murena's life; the want of dignity in his cha-

racter and family; and bribery in the late election. As to the first, the greatest crime which Cato charged him with, was dancing; to which Cicero's defence is somewhat remarkable. He admonishes Cato not to throw out such a calumny so inconsiderately, or to call the Consul of Rome a dancer; but to consider how many other crimes a man must needs be guilty of before that of dancing could be truly objected to him; since nobody ever danced, even in solitude, or a private meeting of friends, who was not either drunk or mad; for dancing was always the last act of riotous banquets, gay places, and much jollity: that Cato charged him, therefore, with what was the effect of many vices, yet with none of those, without which that vice could not possibly subsist; with no scandalous feasts, no amours, no nightly revels, lewdness, no extravagant expence, &c."

Cicero's own words are:—*Nemo enim saltat sobrius, nisi forte insanit: neque in solitudine, neque in convivio moderato atque honesto. Tempestivi convivii, amoeni loci, multarum deliciarum comes est extrema saltatio.*

ORATIO PRO L. MURENA.

It is deemed superfluous to make any comments on this philippic against dancing, written near two thousand years ago; but we shall conclude our essay with a chapter from Voltaire's *Zadig*, or *Destiny*, which has never been translated. It is Chapter xiv. entitled,

THE DANCE.

Setoc was engaged to go to the Island of Serendib, on commercial business; but as he was in the first month of his marriage, which, as every one knows, is the honeymoon, he could neither leave his wife, nor imagine he ever should be able to leave her: He begged his friend Zadig to undertake that voyage for him.—Alas! said Zadig, must I wander to a still greater distance from the beautiful Astarté? but I must serve my benefactors. He said, he wept, and he departed.

He was not long in the Island of Serendib without being regarded as an extraordinary man. He became the arbitrator in all differences between the merchants, the friend of the wise, the adviser of the few who were willing to be advised. The King wished to see and hear him: he soon discovered the worth of Zadig; he confided in his wisdom, and made him his friend. The esteem and familiarity of the King made Zadig tremble: he was alarmed at the probable consequences of his misfortune in obtaining the King's good will. "I please the King," said he; "am I not a lost man?" Notwithstanding this, he dared not absent himself from court; for it must be owned, that Nabussan, King of Serendib, was one of the best Princes of Asia, and that he gained the esteem of all those with whom he conversed.

This good Prince was continually praised, cheated, and plundered. The receiver-general of the kingdom set the example, which was faithfully followed by every one else. The King knew this; he had frequently changed his treasurer, but he had never been able to change the established custom of dividing the royal revenues into two unequal parts, of which the smallest always reverted to the King, and the largest to the administrators.

King Nabussan acquainted the wise Zadig with this grievance. "You, who possess so much knowledge," said he, "cannot you put me in a way of finding a treasurer who will not plunder me?"—"Certainly," answered Zadig; "I know an infallible method of procuring a man with clean hands for your Majesty. The King, greatly pleased, demanded how this might be done. "By only," replied Zadig, "making all those who may offer themselves as candidates for the dignity of treasurer, dance before you; and he who shall dance the most lightly, will be infallibly the most honest man." "You jest," said the King, "this is a pleasant way of chusing a receiver-general: What! do you pretend that he who cuts the best caper, will be the most able and upright financier?" "I will not engage he shall be the most able," answered Zadig, "but I assure you, he will certainly be the most honest."

Zadig spoke with so much confidence, that the King thought he must possess some supernatural secret of finding out financiers. "I pay no regard to any thing supernatural," said Zadig; "prodigies in men and books have always displeased me: If your Majesty will permit me to make trial of what I propose, you will be convinced that my secret is the most simple and easy thing imaginable."

Nabussan was much more surprized to learn the secret was so simple, than if he had been told it was a miracle. "Well," said he, "do as you like."—"Leave it to me," said Zadig, "and you will be a greater gainer by this proof than you imagine."

On the same day a royal proclamation was issued, enjoining all those who were inclined to become candidates for the office of receiver-general of his Majesty's finances, to present themselves, on the first day of the *crocodile-moon*, in the King's anti-chamber, habited in light silks.

At the appointed time they attended, in number sixty-four. A band of music was waiting in the adjoining saloon; every thing was prepared

for the ball; but the door of this saloon was shut, and in order to enter, it was necessary to pass through a short and rather obscure gallery.

An usher attended, who was to introduce all the candidates separately through this passage, where each was left alone a few minutes. The King, who was in the secret, had caused a vast number of jewels, gold coins, and valuable trinkets, to be disposed in that gallery. When the competitors were assembed in the saloon, his Majesty ordered them to dance.

Never was dancing more heavily performed, and with so little grace; they all hung down their heads, their bodies were bent, and their arms and hands appeared as if glued to their sides.

"What rogues!" said Zadig, speaking softly. One only among them danced with agility; his face erect, his looks confident, his arms extended, his body straight, his steps firm. "Ah! the honest man, the brave man!" said Zadig. The King embraced this good dancer, and declared him to be the receiver-general; and all the others were punished and fined with great justice, for every one of them, whilst in the gallery, had filled his pockets with such a heavy load, he could hardly walk. The King was sorry for the sake of human nature, that among sixty-four dancers, there should be sixty-three thieves.

The gallery was afterwards called the corridor of temptation.

In Persia those sixty-three lords would have been impaled; in other countries they would have been brought to a trial, of which the costs would have amounted to thrice the sum stolen, and which would not have replaced any thing in the coffers of the Sovereign; in another kingdom, they would have fully justified themselves, and would have disgraced the light dancer. In Serendib they were only condemned to augment the public treasure, for Nabussan was indulgent.

He was very grateful; he gave Zadig a greater sum of money than had ever been stolen by a treasurer from the King, his master.

In the *Bibliothéque Nationale* at Paris, is preserved a volume in manuscript, containing the names of all the young men who have been educated in *L'Ecole Militaire*, and specifying those who have obtained prizes for their proficiency in the sciences there taught; among these appears that of Bonaparte, to whom the second prize was decreed for his excellence in dancing.

THE CULINARY SYSTEM.

[*Continued from Page* 539.]

Game is often brought in when not likely to keep a day, in the cook's apprehension; yet may be preserved two or three days, if wanted, by the following method:—

If birds, (woodcocks and snipes excepted, which must not be drawn) draw them, pick, and take out the crop—wash them in two or three waters, and rub them with a little salt. Have ready a large sauce-pan of boiling water, and plunge them in one by one; boil each five minutes, moving it, that the water may go through them. When all are finished, hang them by the heads in a cold place. When drained, pepper the inside and necks. When to be roasted, wash to take off the pepper. The most delicate birds, even growse, may be kept this way, if not putrid. Birds that live by suction, &c. bear being high; it is probable that the heat might cause them to taint more, as a free passage for the scalding water could not be obtained. Hares ought not to be paunched in the field, as they keep longer, and eat much better without. But that is seldom in the cook's power to guard against. She should take out the liver and heart, and parboil the former to keep for stuffing, wipe the inside every day, quite dry, put a bunch of parsley, or some pepper, or both; thus it will keep long, especially if the seasoning be rubbed early on the inside to prevent any mustiness of taste, which often is communicated to the stuffing by this omission, and want of extreme nicety in washing it in water and vinegar before it be derssed, while the outside has been preserved fresh by the skin. If old, a hare should be kept as long as possible, except for soup, or jugging; and after soaking in vinegar, be well larded.

Fresh water fish has often a muddy taste; to take off which, soak it in strong salt and water; or, if of a size to bear it, give it a scald in the same, after extremely good cleaning and washing. The latter for carp or eels.

Turbot will hang two or three days, if lightly rubbed with salt, and be in quite as great perfection as the first day.

Fish may sometimes be bought reasonably by taking more than can be dressed at once; when recourse may be had to pickling, potting, or frying, to keep for stewing a succeeding day.

When thunder or hot weather causes beer to turn sour, half, or a whole tea spoonful of salt of wormwood should be put into a jug, and let the beer be drawn in it as small a time as possible before it be drank.

If the subject of servants be thought ill timed in a book upon family arrangement, it must be by those who do not recollect that the regularity and good management of the heads will be insufficient, if not seconded by those who are to execute orders. It behoves every person to be extremely careful who they take into their employ; to be very minute in investigating the character they receive; and equally cautious to be scrupulously just in giving one to others. Were this attended to, many bad people would be incapacitated from doing mischief, by abusing the trust reposed in them. And it may be fairly asserted, that the robbery, or waste (which is but a milder epithet) of an unfaithful servant, will be laid to the charge of the master or mistress, who, knowing such faults in him, or even having only well-grounded suspicions, is led by entreaty, or false pity, to slide him into another place. To refuse countenance to the evil, is to encourage the good servant; such as are honest, frugal, and attentive to their duties should be liberally rewarded; and such discrimination would encourage merit, and inspire servants with a zeal to acquit themselves.

On the other side it may be proper to observe, that a retributive justice usually marks persons in that station sooner or latter even in this world. Those who are extravagant and idle in their servitude, are ill prepared for the industry of and sobriety on which their own future welfare depends; their faults, and the attendant punishment, come home when they have families of their own, and sometimes much sooner. They will see their wickedness or folly in the conduct of their offspring, whom they must not expect to be better than the examples that are set them.

It was the observation of a sensible woman, that she could always read the fate of her servants when they married from her; those who had been faithful and industrious in her service, continued their good habits in their families, and became respectable members of the community; those who had been unfaithful servants, never were succesful, and not unfrequently were reduced to the parish.

The manner of carving is not only a very essential knowledge in point of doing the honours of the table with grace, but makes a great difference in the family consumption; and though in large companies, a lady is so much assisted as to make the art of less consequence, yet she should not fail to acquaint herself with an attainment of which she must daily feel the want. Some people haggle meat so as not to be able to help six times from a large tongue, or a piece of beef. It is to be observed, that a thin sharp carving knife, and with a very little strength to the management of it, will cut deep thin slices, cause the joint to look neatly, and leave sufficient for a second helping, instead of that disgusting appearance which is sometimes observable. Habit alone can make people carve, or do the honours of a table well; for those who have not had practice, there are very good directions in a little book of Trusler's.

In the following, and indeed all other receipts, though the quantities may be as accurately set down as possible, yet much must be left to the person who uses them. The different taste of people requires more or less of the flavour of spices, garlic, butter, &c. which can never be directed by general rules; and if the cook has not a good taste, and attention to that of her employers, not all the ingredients with which art or nature can furnish her, will give an exquisite relish to her dishes. The proper articles should be at hand, and she must proportion them until the true taste be obtained.

To boil Turbot.—The turbot kettle must be of a proper size, and in the nicest order. Set the fish in cold water to cover it completely, throw a handful of salt and one glass of vinegar into it, let it gradually boil, be very careful that there fall no blacks, but skim it well, and preserve the beauty of the colour.

Serve it garnished with a complete fringe of curled parsley, lemon, and horse radish.

The sauce must be the fine lobster, and anchovy butter, and plain butter, served plentifuly in separate tureens.

[*To be continued.*]

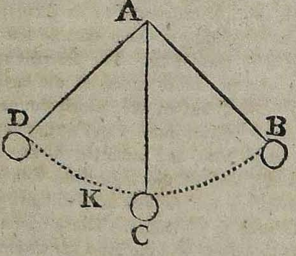
ON MECHANICS.

[*Continued from Page* 543.]

A HORSE endeavouring to draw a load illustrates the third law of motion: the load draws him back with a force equal to that which puts it in motion, and if the load be equal to the utmost strength the horse can exert, it will resist all his efforts to move it. If, on the contrary, it be but equal to 50 degrees, while it exerts a force of 100 degrees, he will draw it with 50 degrees of strength, the re-action of the load being only a counterpoise to the other moiety of his effort.— If the finger be pressed on one scale of a balance, in order to keep it in equilibrio with a weight in the other, the scale pressed by the finger, will act against the weight with a force equal to that with which the other scale endeavours to descend.

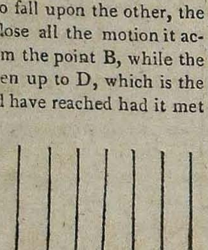
That every body which gives motion to another body, actually loses as much force as it communicates, is made apparent by the percussion, or stroke, of elastic and more elastic bodies*.

If two ivory balls, of equal magnitude, be suspended from a central point, thus,



as from A, and one of them, after being drawn aside to B, be suffered to fall upon the other, the ball which strikes will lose all the motion it acquired in its descent from the point B, while the struck ball will be driven up to D, which is the point the first ball would have reached had it met with no obstruction.

If any number of equal ivory balls be suspended from centres near each other, and two of them be drawn aside so as to fall with two degrees of velocity upon the ball A, they will communicate the whole of their motion to this ball, and



the motion thus communicated, will pass through *b* and *c*, to *d* and *e*, and the two last balls will be carried forward by the whole two degrees of velocity, while all the others remain motionless.

Bodies which possess no elasticity do not separate when they strike but move on together with half the velocity which the striking body possessed. Thus, suppose the balls in the first experiment to be made of clay, instead of ivory, or of putty, or any other non-elastic substance, on letting the ball fall from B, it would acquire sufficient velocity to carry it to D, but on striking the ball C, it would lose half its motion, and with the remainder carry the ball it struck to K. If the mass of the moving ball were double that of the other, it would lose but one third of its force; if its mass were only half that of the other, it would lose two thirds of its force.

If two equal non-elastic bodies strike each other with equal force, they will stick together, and remain motionless at the point where they met, their mutual action having destroyed each other; and and re-action being equal and contrary.

OF THE MECHANIC POWERS.

There are six mechanic powers; the lever, the wheel and axle, the pulley, the inclined plane, the wedge, and the screw. By these powers bodies are raised, which unassisted, human strength could not move; and resistances are overcome, which, without the aid of the mechanical powers, would be absolutely insurmountable. But what they furnish in power is lost in time; for as many minutes are required to raise, at once, a mass of 1000 pounds weight by means of machinery, as would be requisite to enable a man to convey it to the same height, in portions suited to his strength.

There are three sorts of levers. The first has the fulcrum, or press, between the weight and the power. A balanced scale beam is a lever of this kind; for the fulcrum is in the centre, the power is the weight, and the mass in the other scale the resistance to be overcome. Scissars, snuffers, pincers, and a variety of common instruments, are formed of two levers, acting contrary to each other. In all these the rivet is the ful-

* The most perfect elastic bodies are ivory, hardened steel, and some compound metals. That such bodies are elastic may be demonstrated by letting two ivory balls, of one of which the surface is thinly painted, fall against each other with some force. The painted ball will then make a small circular mark on the side of the other, which it could not do had not the surface of both balls been flattened for a moment by the stroke.

crum, or centre motion; the hand using them, the power, and the body coming between them, the resistance that is to be overcome. When a poker is used to raise the fire, it becomes a lever of the first kind; of which the bar is the fulcrum, the hand raising the poker, the fire, and the coals, the weight to be moved.

The second kind of lever has the weight between the power and the fulcrum. Every door that turns on its hinges, is a lever of this kind; the hinges being the fulcrum, the door the weight, and the hand that opens it the moving power. A patten-maker's knife, nut-crackers, oars, rudders of ships, &c. are also levers of the second kind.

Levers of the third description have the power between the fulcrum and the weight.

A pair of wool sheers, which act by a pressure in the middle, may be referred to these kind of levers; as may also a pair of fire-tongs, the joint being the fulcrum, the hand using them the power, and the substance which they raise the weight. Levers of the third kind are but little used.

The advantage, or addition of power acquired by the use of the lever, is in proportion to the space passed through by the moving power; that is, if the space passed through by the longer arm be nine times greater than that passed through by the shorter arm of a lever, a weight of nine hundred pounds suspended from this last, may be balanced by a force equal to 100 pounds, exerted at the longer extremity.

The principle of the wheel and axle may be illustrated by a machine that presents itself every where; namely, a draw-well. The handle may be considered as the wheel, for by its circular motion it acts as one; the axle is what the rope coils round. Now as the wheel and axle may be considered as a lever of the first kind, the power gained by it may be calculated by the same rule as that given for estimating the power of a lever: and if we suppose a draw-well to represent a wheel and axle, and the handle of it to be the arm of a lever, then if the circle described by the handle in turning round, be twelve times greater than the circumference of the axle, or axis, a power equal to one hundred weight applied to the former, will balance twelve hundred weight suspended from the latter. This may be easily conceived by attending to the increase of exertion necessary in raising water by this machine as the bucket ascends: for as every time the rope coils, the whole length of the axis, the circumference of the axis is increased, while that of the handle remains the same, the exertion must increase in an equal proportion, or the bucket could not be raised.

There are many modes of applying the wheel and axis, as by a handle used to turn a jack, &c. and on the principle of this mechanic power, cranes, capstans, windlasses, &c. are constructed.

Little advantage is gained from the single fixed pully, but when two or more pullies are formed into what is called a system of pullies, the mechanical advantage gained is as the space passed through by the acting power: for the pully, like the wheel and axis, may be reduced to the principle of the lever.

The inclined plane gains power in proportion to the difference between the length of the plane, and its perpendicular height. That is, if the perpendicular height be only equal to one-third of the length of the plane, a cylinder of three hundred pounds weight may be raised up the plane by a power equal to one hundred weight. The exertion of rising a hill may be lessened, by ascending it in a zig-zag direction; for the hill may be considered as an inclined plane, which is lengthened by moving up in this way. To the inclined plane may be referred chisels, hatchets, and whatever other sharp instruments are sloped down to an edge on one side only.

The fifth mechanical power, or the wedge, is used in various cases where no man can be employed; as in raising ships, or other great weights; splitting wood; separating firm blocks of stone, &c.* The wedge is usually made of iron or wood, and gains advantage in proportion to the difference between the breadth of the back and the length of the side. If, for example, the length of the side be double that of the thickness, a force of one pound acting against the back, will overcome a resistance of two pounds acting against the sides. But if the acting power be a blow instead of the weight, the advantage gained will be according to the momentum of the blow. That is, a blow from a hammer weighing two pounds, falling on the back of the wedge with a velocity that gives it a momentum of fourteen pounds, will overcome a greater resistance opposed to the sides of the wedge, than would a pressure at the back equal to a ton weight.

The screw is a compound mechanic power which partakes of the principle of the lever, and that of the inclined plane: for the spiral thread of the screw, were it unfolded, would form an inclined plane, and the winch is a lever. There are two ways of increasing the acting power of the screw; one by diminishing the distance of the threads, and the other by extending the length

* The wedge is used in separating large mill-stones from the rock. The workmen cut out a kind of circular ridge, and bore horizontal holes round it. These are afterwards filled with wedges of well dried wood, upon which water is then poured. This causes the wedges to swell, and in a day or two they force up the mill-stone.

of the winch. If the winch makes a circle of 850 inches while the screw rises but half an inch; the advantage gained will be as 300 to 1. But if the threads of the screw be so close that it rises no more than half an inch, while the lever or winch makes the circle above mentioned, then the advantage gained will be as 600 to 1: that is, a force equal to one pound, applied at the extremity of the lever, will balance a weight of 600 pounds acting against the screw.

But in all cases where the mechanic powers are employed, allowance must be made for the obstruction they receive from friction, which makes a considerable difference between the theory of the advantage resulting from their use, and the practice. The friction of the screw is so great in its practical effect, that there will be the difference of a third between the above calculation and the actual advantage it gives.

[*To be continued.*]

ON MUSIC.

[*Continued from Page* 545.]

ON THOROUGH-BASS.

The very general approbation which our article on Singing has found (in No. 8, and No. 10, of this Magazine), makes us hope, that similar remarks on Thorough-Bass will be equally welcome to our readers. For, as the Fashionable World cannot be expected to submit to so many hours of daily practice, as is requisite to become, and remain a capital performer, and yet they are, as it were, compelled by rank and fortune, to make music part of their occupations, it is natural that they wish for as much amusement and enjoyment in it, as possible. And this it is difficult to find, without some knowledge of harmony in general, or of Thorough-Bass in particular. For that knowledge enables a musical person to accompany a figured bass, which is very useful in songs as well as other sorts of musical pieces, to play some extempore fancies of their own, and to harmonize melodies of songs, or to compose familiar pieces. And what renders the knowledge of harmony also valuable in the practice of playing, is, that it facilitates it as much as the knowledge of a language facilitates the reading and pronouncing of any composition of its words; to which still may be added the very important consideration, that such a knowledge does not require the constant trouble of daily practice, which the mechanical art of playing demands.

But every person of some musical experience will allow, that the study of Thorough-Bass has of late been so very difficult and tedious, that it was almost considered as highly unreasonable to propose it to ladies and amateurs. The greatest teachers of the piano-forte, therefore, strenuously advised their pupils not to attempt it; and we suppose that even many of our readers will have found it too difficult to obtain a satisfactory knowledge of it. It must therefore be very important to every musical person to know the cause of such difficulties, and a remedy for them; and we hope to prove in this article, that both must evidently lie in the method of studying Thorough-Bass.

The original and most ancient method of it was, to explain or consider every interval and chord merely according to its individual appearance; that is to say: every third as a third, every fifth as a fifth, every bass third and fifth as a common chord, and so forth, without a systematical rule for those numerous cases, in which every interval and chord appears in itself very differently, from what the connection proves it to be in its respective place. But experience has taught, that such a method was as fallible, as it is to consider every member of human society merely individually; that is to say, every man as a man, every woman as a woman, and every man and woman walking, or talking together, as a married couple, without regard to the political and social differences, between a man as king or subject, as admiral or sailor, as giver or beggar, and between a man and woman as being married together or not, and so forth.

The fallibility of the above described method has long been felt by the greatest harmonists, who endeavoured to find a remedy for it; but as they did not perceive the cause of it, they only made bad worse. They took refuge in the doctrines of suppositions, additions, borrowings, substitutions, suspensions, anticipations, transitions, licences, exceptions, irregularities, &c. &c. which as they still adhered to the individual consideration of every combination, rendered the doctrine of harmony so perplexing, that even the greatest writers upon it could not find a clear way through the maze of their own rules, but frequently contradicted on one page what they had insisted upon on another. And consequently it was no wonder that many composers began to depend merely on their good natural feelings;

and that all amateurs were literally prohibited the study of harmony or Thorough-Bass.

As in all we have advanced there is not a word of exaggeration or misrepresentation, we feel a particular satisfaction in having it in our power to make our readers acquainted with a new method of learning Thorough-Bass, which removes all the former difficulties, and which has been published in a work this summer, entitled, "A New Theory of Musical Harmony", by A. F. C. Kollmann, Organist of his Majesty's German Chapel as St. James's.

The outlines of this new method, or new system, are as follow: the principal rule of it is, that every interval, or chord, which stands in connection with others, must be considered and treated according to the quality it obtains from that connection. This at once removes every embarrassment, and proves that all the harmony and melody which can be produced with the notes of our modern scale, depends on two fundamental chords as the roots of it, viz. on the common chord, as fundamental concord; and the chord of the seventh, as fundamental discord. From these chords all the others are shewn to arise in two different manners, first, by mere inversion, that is to say, by making a higher note the lower one; and secondly, by using the diatonic and chromatic means between the intervals of those chords, as accidental fore-notes, and after-notes.

By this method, the region of modern harmony is so completely explored, that the almost infinite number of varieties, to which it shews the way, become depending on a few simple general rules, without one exception; and every known, or yet unknown chord or combination, is accounted for, by an equally simple and positive rule, as every visited, or yet unvisited, spot on the globe of our earth, is disposed of by the degrees of longitude and latitude. And this the work before us not merely asserts, but it is proved by numerous abstracts from classical compositions, some of which are the most intricate ones ever known; and the whole new system is shewn by a small example of two bars, on the title page of the work.

But the constrast between the proposed new system, and those former ones, by which chords of the ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth, are taught as chords in themselves, is rendered most striking in a chapter of the work before us, entitled "Confutation of the doctrine of chords, by supposition;" where it is shewn, that the thousands of rules required for that doctrine, do not explain one twentieth part of what Mr. Kollmann brings under four simple rules, in his doctrine of accidental fore-notes, and after-notes.

Nothing can therefore be more easy, even for ladies and amateurs, who do not wish to spend all their time in the study of one art or science, than to obtain a true knowledge of harmony and thorough-bass, according to the proposed new system by Mr. Kollmann. And this is allowed by all those who have studied harmony, some of whom are persons of the first rank and quality in this country.

But as the work before us is calculated for the study of all that belongs to a complete knowledge of harmony, viz. to chords, modulation, and counterpoint, with their different related and subordinate branches, we have the satisfaction to add, that Mr. Kollmann has also in the press, and ready for publication, a smaller work entitled: "A Second Guide to Thorough-Bass," which is a familiar abstract from the doctrine of chords, of the new theory, with such practical exercises, as will enable a lady to play a figured bass. This, we presume to say, will deserve to be in the hands of every musical person.

We think it necessary to annex to the above important article, a brief account of Mr. Kollmann's other theoretical works, to shew the connection in which they stand with the described new theory, as follows:

His first theoretical work is entitled: "An Essay on Musical Harmony." London, 1796. (One volume in folio.) By this work Mr. K. introduced in this country Kirnberger's system of harmony, which at that time was the most natural one known. But having since discovered, that the said system disposes of more than one half of the combinations useful in music, in too arbitrary a manner, as he shews in the first chapter of the new theory, he made it his particular study to remove that great imperfection, and thereby discovered the new system explained above. It is therefore a great mistake of a certain author, that the new theory is a mere improvement of the first essay. For the system of the latter work is as distinctly different from that of the former one, as Newton's system is from any other; and this we shall be very ready to shew, if required.

The second work is entitled: "An Essay on Practical Musical Composition." London, 1799. (Also one volume folio.) This work forms as it were, a second part to the first essay; and treats of the construction of all sorts of musical pieces, viz: of sonatas, symphonies, concertos, fugues, and canons. And among the examples are found, four fugues and ten canons, by the author, being all on one subject; and a rondo, with variations of the subject. These pieces standing with the greatest credit among the masterly productions of Handel, Sebastian, and Emanuel Bach, Clementi, &c. they shew that our author can not only reason upon composition, but also ex-

emplify the practice of it by his own works. And to these we may add his concerto, Op. VIII. as one of the most classical, as well as most brilliant pieces of its kind.

A third work is entitled: "A Practical Guide to Thorough Bass." London, 1800. This having been founded on the system of the first essay, Mr. Kollmann has entirely altered it according to his new system, in which form he is now on the point of publishing it.

Mr. Kollmann has two children, viz. a daughter, (Miss K.) who is a capital singer, and one of those few, who at present know how to form and cultivate a voice in a regular manner. She made her first public appearance in last year's concert for the New Musical Fund, (Opera Rooms), and has already had great success in teaching. His son, (Mr. George K.) is known as a first-rate player on the piano forte, to which we may add, that he is also a very perfect harmonist, having had no other musical instruction than that of his father. Of this distinguished musical family, we shall, no doubt, have frequent opportunities to take further notice in our succeeding Numbers.

[*To be continued*]

FINE ARTS.

DESCRIPTIVE LETTER ON THE GALLERY OF DUSSELDORF.

UNFORTUNATE circumstances, you know, my friend, have accelerated my return; my personal interest was concerned; but it was not sufficiently strong to make me pass through Dusseldorf without viewing one of the finest galleries in Europe. If love for the fine arts can soften our troubles, the son who has just been deprived of his mother, often finds pictures analogous to his feelings, and at first sight can scarcely refrain from imagining that it is himself the painter has represented: he sheds tears, and happy if he can thus ease his overcharged heart!

The gallery of Dusseldorf is placed in a wing of the Castle, which was built in the year 1710, under the Elector Palatine John William; it has escaped the ravages of war, although the other part of the Castle is entirely demolished by the bombardment of the 2d of October, 1794. It appears that the French imagined that the pictures were still there, and spared it by the natural consideration due to the fine arts. The learned directors, foreseeing this misfortune, had already, during thirteen days, been employed in packing up the whole collection, consisting of 365 pictures, and one day preceding the bombardment, sent them off for Gluckstad, in Holstein; where they remained six years and a half. This gallery was saved by the Inspector, Professor Brulliot; the carriage and the journey has cost more than sixteen thousand pounds. It is fifteen months since the collection returned, and their order is nearly re-established.

It was John William who began to form this collection.—A zealous amateur of the fine arts, he invited the most celebrated painters to Dusseldorf, among whom we distinguish Vander-Werff, Schalcken, and Weenix, of whom this collection offers the most precious productions. Charles Theodore increased it greatly, and at the same time caused it to be put in order.

The 365 pictures are tolerably well arranged in six contiguous apartments; and as there was not room enough, they have hung some of them on the doors, and even on the window-shutters.

The Dusseldorf collection is distinguished by a number of productions from the Flemish school; it contains many of Rubens, Vandyke, Vander-Werff, and Schalcken, done when they were arrived at the meridian of their talent. There are also some fine pictures of the Italian school. I will describe a few of them. I have seen so many superb ones at Paris, that I may be pardoned for being rather difficult. I shall speak more amply of those of the Flemish school, as they more particularly arrested my attention, and I examined them more minutely.

The first picture that drew my admiration was that of the *Wise and the Foolish Virgins*, by Schalcken. I was compelled to render justice to this master, who, to tell you the truth, was never a great favourite of mine. I have, however, seen a great number of his productions; but I could never forget his faults of design and ex-

pression, before having seen his *Wise and Foolish Virgins.* The effects of light and shade are represented in so happy a manner, that I should not know whose production it was, so much has Schalcken surpassed himself in this composition. Forster pretends that there are fine works of this master at Cassel; but it is so long since I saw them, that I dare not contradict him, notwithstanding the wish I feel so to do. This picture represents eight Virgins, the five first of which are advancing with a light airy step; their lamps are burning. Three others behind seem much embarrassed; one of them is kneeling, her lamp is nearly extinguished, and she appears to be begging a little oil of her merry companions. Another Virgin, whose lamp is gone out, her hands joined, implores their assistance; while the third vainly blows her's, which she cannot re-illume. A wick, fallen from a lamp, is still burning, and the illusion is carried to such a height, that one would wish to extinguish it. The light, which is nearly going out in the back ground, the effect of the lamp vainly blown, the reflection which falls on the three Virgins in the centre, are most astonishing in this *chef d'œuvre.* This picture, which is three feet two inches long, by three feet nine inches wide, has been twice engraved, first by Valentine Green, and afterwards by John Elias Haidin, in 1782. There are also here three more pictures of this master, who dwelt some time with the Elector John William. If the historical painter generally surpasses the painter of ordinary life, by the noble and exalted style in which he represents his subjects; the delineation of ordinary life may also sometimes surpass his rivals; and Gerard Douw, in his celebrated *Mountebank,* confirmed this opinion. I am not fond of this style; when there are historical Pictures to draw my attention, a glance contents me, and I return to history; yet this Mountebank arrested my attention against my will.

On a sort of a scaffolding, covered with an umbrella, is seen a Mountebank, engaging the surrounding multitude to purchase his infallible drugs. A thief has his hand in the pocket of a woman, who is robbed without perceiving it, so much is her attention taken up by the powers of the wonderful speaker. There is a little Savoyard, with his box that contains all his treasures, a little marmot, which every body wishes to see. A maker of pancakes is seen cleaning her child; this good mother might have fulfilled her duties without making us take a part in them, and the natural manner in which this artist has represented this scene, renders it still more disgusting. One of the principal personages in this composition, is a huntsman, who has a hare at his back; his simple look, and the foolish attention which he bestows on the mountebank, seems to promise the latter, that the countryman will not continue his route without having been made his dupe. A gardener, who passes with his wheel barrow, appears really to move. The crowd of spectators are principally occupied in listening and speaking. At a window we discover the painter, who has represented himself with his pallet and brushes.

Much *naiveté* reigns in this picture; the heads are full of expression. If I find his *Dropsical Man,* at Paris, more highly finished, on the other hand I remark, in his Mountebank, more spirited touches. It appears to me that a picture is like a book; we have no longer a wish of reading it, if the author have explained all, in a manner to leave us nothing to add; he may wish to tell us every thing, but we would rather sometimes he should leave us something to divine. We throw away the book, vexed that he has not left us some little intervals which our imagination could have filled up. Hagedorn, in his "Reflections on painting," says, on the subject of this celebrated picture, that such delicate touches are discovered in the figures, that there are very few like them in the most elevated style of painting.

The Mountebank is one of Gerard Douw's largest pictures. It is three feet eight inches long, by two feet nine inches wide. It was painted on wood, in 1632; it has been engraved by Professor Hesz. This plate, which appeared in England, partakes much of the spirit of the original, a praise which we very seldom dare venture to bestow. Without depreciating the other productions of this skilful engraver, who resides at Dusseldorf, we may pronounce this plate his master-piece.

If we consider Vandyke as an historical painter, he does not certainly come up to his master, Rubens, neither for the richness of his composisition, or the grandeur of his execution; but with respect to his portraits, they have only to be seen to crown him with fame. In other schools, he has only one rival, which is Titian, to whom he may sometimes appear rather dangerous.

There are here twenty-two of Vandyke's works, the greater part of which are painted in his best style. Of all his historical pictures, I prefer his *Christ borne to the Sepulchre.* The colours of this performance are light, and yet produce an astonishing effect; he has been reproached with incorrectness in his design. Some people prefer his *Jupiter, under the shape of a Satyr surprising the sleeping Antiope.* Among his portraits, a whole length one of a woman pleases me most. There is also a portrait of himself, done in his youth.

Two of Raphael's painting are found here;

the *Holy Family*, painted in the beginning of his career, I shall not dwell on; the other is a fine Academical production, in his best style; it is *Saint John the Baptist in the Desart*, who, under the figure of a handsome young man, is seated on a rock, from which a torrent is pouring. He is almost naked; in his left hand he holds a cross, in his right a cup, filled with water. What a fine attitude—what truth—what design—what sublimity of style is here displayed! Who, except Raphael, has ever united so many beauties? Forster will not allow him the honour of having produced this piece, on account of the richness of the colouring. He attributes it to Andrew del Sarto: but his reason is not valid; for, if Raphael did not always succeed in this respect, he must be allowed to have sometimes equalled any of his cotemporaries. A fault in this picture, a shortening of the left foot, convinces me that it is Raphael's: he is known to be rather incorrect in his proportions. It is related that this picture was found covered by a landscape in water colours, which was tolerably well executed. In cleaning it a painting in oil was discovered underneath. What surprise! what delight must have been experienced by the person who cleaned it, when, little by little, he perceived this fine work of the god of painting. It is imagined that this master-piece was thus hidden, in order to facilitate its removal. The difficulty of transporting the productions of ancient masters is well known.

This work has been engraved by Valentine Green.

The portrait of Luc Jordains, painted by himself, is done after the manner of Espagnolet.

The Holy Virgin with the infant Jesus, is without doubt a *chef d'œuvre* of Carlo Dolci's. He painted it in 1649, in his thirty-third year. You know I have no great partiality for this master; but that does not prevent me from believing that the critics have been too severe with respect to this picture. The reason is, perhaps, because it is unfortunately hung under the superb Raphael. Our judgment on a picture very often depends on the manner in which it is suspended. Many pictures lose greatly by being displaced. Several artists have assured me, that this is the reason why some of Rubens' pictures excite less admiration at Paris than at Antwerp.

The *Head of Christ*, by Corregio, is so expressive, that it made me melancholy.

There is by Andrew Del Sarto, who treated Francis I. with so much ingratitude, a Holy Family, composed of the Virgin, the infant Jesus, St. Elizabeth, and the infant St. John.—The head and the drapery of Elizabeth pleased me excessively. This piece is, without doubt, one of the most capital performances of this master, as well by the grace displayed in the heads, as the beauty of the colouring. This picture, which is four feet six inches long, by three feet five inches wide, is painted on wood, and has been engraved in dots by L. Cosse.

There is here, by Dominiquino, whose *Saint Jerome* I have so often admired, a picture that does him much honour; it is *Susannah in the Bath*.—By this he proves that he possesses the talent of expression to the highest degree. Susannah is seen seated on the steps of the bath, wiping her fine turned limbs: two of the Elders surprise her, and she seems in the act of screaming aloud. One of them, on the outside of the balustrade, extends his arms towards her, while the other forces open the door and approaches. Susannah's face is not disfigured, as Forster says; on the contrary, the grief and agitation of a virtuous woman is extremely well represented. The heads of the Elders are full of expression, particularly that of the one who is in the act of forcing the door. This picture is nine feet long, by eleven feet six inches wide. It has been engraved in dots by Egington.

The various judgments that have been passed on Adrian Vander Werff are much exaggerated. Some find all the perfections of painting in his works: others all the defects; the latter have probably seen him too little; while the former, in examining his works, fall in extasies without reflecting on the faults of the *ensemble*; a wise medium should be observed in every thing. A painter, who is so attentive to the smallest parts, requires to be studied before any sentence be passed on him. No one, however, ever painted drapery better than he. His flesh is censured, which certainly is rather inanimate, and partaking too much of the appearance of ivory; but are we to forget all his beauties, because we have discovered one defect.

Vander Werff should be studied at Dusseldorf; a great number of his best paintings are found there, where he resided at different periods under the reign of John William. Five-and-twenty of this master's works are seen here, four-and-twenty of which are nearly of the same size.

[*To be continued.*] E. R.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

FRIENDSHIP'S COT.

BY MR. PRATT.

Presented on the anniversary of a Friend's birth, November 15, 1806.

WHENEVER Friendship's Cot reviewing,
Whether while primroses are springing;
Or summer his bright course pursuing;
Or autumn the rich chaplet bringing;

Or winter, the wild deluge pouring,
Invested in his tenfold gloom,
Or, his dread hurricane is roaring,
Dear Friendship's Cot preserves its bloom.

What tho' the yellow leaves appearing
Will fall, and wither round the spot,
Yet mental summer, ever chearing,
Still irradiates Friendship's Cot.

What tho' the rain, with wind combining,
Sometimes shake the little roof;
The heart, well pleas'd to these resigning,
Knows Friendship's Cot is tempest proof?

What tho' against your casement hurling,
E'en all the elements together,
Freeze the poor wand'rer or worldling,
In Friendship's Cot—'tis sunny weather.

King's Road, Chelsea.

TO LAURA.

You bid me sing the song you love;
I hear, and wake the favour'd lay;
For Laura's lips no wish can move,
But I am blest, when I obey.
Yet while you bend the strain to hear,
My fancy flies on wayward wing,
And turns to him, the poet dear,
Who form'd the song, you bid me sing.

Dear to my heart for ever be
The bard who thus shall melt and charm,
In every age, each maid like thee
To nature just, to genius warm!
But ah! the bard, where is he fled?
Like common forms of vulgar clay;
The shades of night are round him spread;
The bard has lived, and pass'd away.

And him, who thus with matchless art
To music gave the poet's rhyme,
Touch'd with new eloquenee the heart,
And wak'd to melody sublime,
How vainly would my eyes require,
And seek within the realms of day;
For like the master of the lyre,
He too has lived and pass'd away.

'Mid Scotia's shadowy glens reclin'd,
These notes some unknown minstrel fir'd;
Yet where—to silent death resign'd,
Rests now the form the muse inspir'd?
No vestige points to rapture warm,
To grateful awe, the sacred clay!
Alas! why lives the song to charm?
All but the song has past away.

Well, Laura, does that look reveal,
That pensive look, that soften'd eye,
How quickly thro' thine heart can steal
The tender thought that bids thee sigh!
Not at thy will, from want, from pain,
Exemption kind can Genius claim;
And now thou mark'st with sorrow vain,
How frail its triumphs and its fame.

Muse on and mourn, thou generous maid;
Ah! mourn for man thus doom'd to view
His little labours bloom and fade,
An hour destroy, an hour renew.
Vain humbled man! must every pride—
—All thy fond glories feel decay?
Must every boast, if once allied
To thee, but live to pass away?

Vain humbled man! as transient flies
Whate'er thy reasoning mind rever'd,
In some lov'd maid, thus sinks and dies
All to thy inmost soul endear'd.
Oh, Laura! haste thee to my breast!
Come, all thy life, thy love convey;
Oh! closer to my heart be prest—
Dost thou too live to pass away?

THE SAILOR.

A TALE.

THE Sailor sighs as sinks the native shore,
As all its less'ning turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,
And busy Fancy fondly lends her air.

Ah! how each dear domestic scene he knew,
Recall'd and cherish'd in a foreign clime,
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,
Its colours mellow'd, not impair'd by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Thro' all the horrors of the stormy main;
This the last wish with which its warmth could part,
To meet the smiles of her he loves again.

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or eve's gray cloud descends to drink the wave;
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet Hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carv'd is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain-forest, waving wide,
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant-palms o'er-arch the yellow tide.

But, lo! at last she comes with crowded sail!
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend!
And, hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furl'd;
Soon thro' the whitening surge he springs to land,
And clasps the Maid he singled from the world.

TO A BUTTERFLY

IN A WINDOW.

Escap'd thy place of wintry rest,
And in the brightest colours drest,
Thy new-born wings prepar'd for flight,
Ah! do not, Butterfly, in vain
Thus flutter on the chrystal pane,
But go! and soar to life and light.

High in the summer buoyant gale
Through cloudless ether thou may'st sail,
Or rest among the fairest flowers;
To meet thy winnowing friends may'st speed,
Or at thy choice luxurious feed
In woodlands wild, or garden bowers.

Beneath some leaf of ample shade
Thy pearly eggs shall then be laid,
Small rudiments of many a fly;
While thou, thy frail existence past,
Shalt shudder in the chilly blast,
And fold thy painted wings, and die!

Soon fleets thy transient life away;
Yet short as is thy vital day,
Like flowers that form thy fragrant food,
Thou, poor ephemeron, shalt have fill'd
The little space thy Maker will'd,
And all thou know'st of life be good.

ODE TO THE SKY-LARK.

Sweetest warbler of the skies,
Soon as morning's purple dyes
O'er the eastern mountains float,
Waken'd by thy merry note,
Through green meads I gaily pass,
And lightly brush the dewy grass.

I love to hear thy matin lay,
And warbling wild notes die away;
I love to mark thy upward flight,
And see thee lessen from my sight;
Then, ended thy sweet madrigal,
Sudden, swift I see thee fall,
With wearied wing, and beating breast,
Near thy chirping younglings' nest.

Ah! who that hears thee carol free
Those jocund notes of liberty,
And sees thee independent soar,
With gladsome wing, the blue sky o'er,
In wiry cage would thee restrain
To pant for liberty in vain;
And see thee 'gainst thy prison grate
Thy little wings indignant beat,
And peck and flutter round and round
Thy narrow, lonely, hated bound;
And yet not ope thy prison door,
To give thee liberty once more?

None! none! but he whose vicious eye
The charms of nature can't espy;
Who dozes those sweet hours away,
When thou begin'st thy merry day;
And 'cause his lazy limbs refuse
To tread the meadows' morning dews,
And there thy early wild notes hear,
He keeps thee lonely prisoner.

Not such am I, sweet warbler; no;
For should thy strain as sweetly flow,
As sweetly flow, as gaily sound,
Within thy prison's wiry bound,
As when thou soar'st with lovers' pride,
And pour'st thy wild notes far and wide,
Yet still depriv'd of every scene,
The yellow lawn, the meadows green,
The hawthorn bush, besprent with dew,
The skyey lake, the mountain blue,
Not half the charms thou'dst have for me,
As ranging wide at liberty.

W. S.

ELEGIAC ODE.

When the stroke of the Woodman had ceas'd in the vale,
And the sweet Philomela had finish'd her song;
A sage Child of Sorrow repeated his tale,
And sigh'd to the stream as it murmur'd along.

"I have seen the glad prospect which led me astray,
Change its lustre, and fade like the tints of the morn;
I have seen the meridian splendor of day,
But night has succeeded, and found me forlorn.

"I have seen, as I pass'd, how the rose blushing gay,
To the gale of the morning its bosom display'd;
I return'd,—but its beauties had faded away,
And the pride of the morn ere the ev'ning was dead.

"I have seen (oh how lovely!) the maid of the dale,
Flush'd with health, and with beauty triumphantly tread,
But, alas! neither beauty nor health could avail,
For all that was lovely, with Laura is dead.

"How delusive is Hope!—oh, how transient the stay
Of the sun-beam that gilds our terrestrial scene!
How short is the pleasure of man's brightest day,
And the blast of Misfortune how piercingly keen!

"How blank is the prospect, how gloomy the day,
Which is clouded with care, and o'ershadow'd with woe;
How dreary, unsocial, and cheerless the way,
Which the Children of Sorrow must wander below!

"Oh! when shall the Pilgrim arrive at his home,
And man to his parent in gladness return;
Oh! when shall our sorrows be lost in the tomb,
And the wretched forget with the wretched to mourn."

Thus nightly he sang, and the swains lov'd to hear,
For his accents were gentle and mild as the dew;
Till they dropp'd o'er his tale of misfortune a tear,
And shrunk from the world, and the picture he drew.

APPROACH OF WINTER.

Bare are the boughs where clust'ring foliage grew,
And loud the chilling wind howls o'er the plain,
The hedge-row shines no more with morning dew,
But falls, with heavy sound, the patt'ring rain.

Another Summer of my youth is gone,
Nor left a trace to say it once was mine;
In folly spent, its golden hours have flown,
Or lost at laughter-loving pleasure's shrine.

I fondly hop'd to cull the classic page,
Or woo stern science in her sombre cell:
Still meaner thoughts each passing day engage,
And ev'n neglected lies the Muse's shell.

Yet I had hop'd to form a raptur'd strain
Might bid my memory triumph o'er the tomb—
But Genius flies from Pleasure's brawling train,
And seeks the shadowy glen 'mid evening's gloom.

'Tis her's to climb the mountain's craggy steep,
And gaze upon the scene that glows around;
To muse in silence o'er the foaming deep,
Or list in horror to the tempest's sound.

'Tis her's, reclin'd beneath the moon's pale beam,
To give the passing air a living form;
Or 'wilder'd in Imagination's dream,
To view the angry spirit of the storm.

Yet what avails her power, her thoughts refin'd?
They only give a keener sense of woe;
Far more sereneness feels the humble mind,
Than they whose breasts with genius' throbbings glow.

Then be it mine, amidst domestic joys,
To live retir'd, nor feel Ambition's flame;
Its wild controul the bosom's peace destroys,
And arduous is the path which leads to fame!

But happy he, with calm contentment blest,
Who gazes raptur'd on an infant train,
Clasping a lov'd companion to his breast,
Who gives each pleasure zest, and soothes every pain.

Be mine his bliss! in some sequester'd shade,
Far from the world, its follies and its crimes,
Be mine to mark life's latest shadows fade,
Whilst nature's lore my humble joy sublimes.

Tho' not forgot shall be the simple lay,
That oft has charm'd misfortune's heavy hour;
Still, Poesy! I'll court thy heav'nly sway,
Still shall my willing bosom own thy power!

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS
FOR DECEMBER, 1806.
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

EUROPE is no longer that assemblage of independent States, united by commercial relations, divided only by political claims or natural jealousies, and forming therefore a whole, in which a certain harmony might be preserved. The present state of Europe resembles that Oriental religion in which all adoration is paid to the genius of evil. Every thing, the minds and spirits of men, is subjected under the predominant fortune of Bonaparte; he has conquered, not kingdoms, for they might be recovered; his conquest is more complete, it is a conquest over the general courage of Europe.

Europe has doubtless sufficient cause to tremble. But let us look the danger manfully in the face. Precipitation has led to great calamities; despair may lead to still worse. The calamities of one war are recoverable by the fortune of a succeeding one; languor and despair, the cowardice of the mind, are the seals of our misfortune, the voluntary resignation of the cause.—Europe has indeed lost the greater part of her effective force; let her rally the remainder, her *corps de reserve* may still do much. It may check the progress if not repel it beyond the present point of advance of a Power which must otherwise annihilate the independence of Europe. The authority of Bonaparte has been augmented in a greater proportion than his intrinsic strength.

Bonaparte at this moment lays claim to the Empire of Charlemagne, as did Charlemagne to that of Constantine; but when Charlemagne was first crowned, at Rome, Emperor of the West, there was no Power in Europe that was not subjected under his arms. Charlemagne did not seize on one half of Europe under the eyes of the other half; he had subdued all, and his general dominion was but the fruit of his general conquest.

There is, moreover, in the very nature of the French Power one very important hold for hope, *Mole ruat sua*, is an ancient adage. The French Empire is, perhaps, too great to last. It is composed of parts which, in the language of the poet, are rather "joined than matched." The world does not present a single example where a confederate Empire has survived its first founder. The hand which had the power and ingenuity to build, was required to hold together the unnatural structure. The hand was no sooner removed than it fell into as many fragments as it was composed of parts.

The conclusion which we wish to deduce from these circumstances is, that the present French power is not calculated to be a permanent structure; and that however it may overawe Europe in the present age, it will wear a form less tremendous in the eyes of our posterity. It is, in every sense of the word, a structure of Fortune, and may disappear with the same suddenness as it was erected. It sprung out of the earth like a magic fabric, it may sink into it again like that of a dream.

One thing, however, is certain, that this is not the time to contend against it. The fortune of France bears every thing before it, and by daily accessions has acquired such a physical force, that nothing can stand in direct opposition against it. Let the ball roll, it will dissolve as it moves,—every new motion will but the more shake the coherence of its ill-cemented atoms. Meet it, and you must be swept before it. France is too powerful to be conquered by immediate conflict; elude her, let her spend her strength in the air, encourage the jealousies which are natural to such a state of things, and you may finally succeed.

In respect to the general aspect of Continental affairs, there is very little consolation to be drawn from them. Notwithstanding the loss of his capital, and two-thirds of his empire, the King of Prussia has refused an armistice; in other words, that sort of treaty with France which would affix to his losses the stamp of his own voluntary surrender. This was, perhaps, prudent. He could scarcely lose more by resistance than by concession. He is now, however, driven up into a nook of his dominions; and waiting the reinforcement of the Russian army. Bonaparte is by this time, perhaps, at Warsaw; and the high road to Moscow is more than half accomplished.

The war against England, on the Continent, is carried on in the usual manner, by confiscations of her merchandize, and prohibitions of her commerce; to which has lately been added, a declaration by the Chief of France,—"That she is in a state of insular blockade."

Our domestic affairs carry an important, but not unpleasing aspect. The new Parliament is assembled; and the first discussions will be on the subject of the late negociation.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR DECEMBER.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE Opera, this season, has been enriched by the accession of the most celebrated singer (we might almost say) that nature and art have hitherto produced. We scarcely need announce Madame Catalani. This lady was born in Ausonia, in Italy; in which, at a very early age, she surpassed almost every other musical competitor. Paris, however, was the chief scene of her glory, which she left, upon the temptation of the English Opera managers, who have engaged her at a salary exceeding what was ever given to any other female singer. Her age is four-and-twenty; her person is delicate and *petite*; and she bears a strong resemblance to Mrs. Siddons.

Her powers, as an actress, are almost equal to those which she possesses as a singer; she treads the stage with a majesty and grace not inferior to Grassini. In the Comic Opera, she is likewise said to excel. In a word, the opera amateurs call her a prodigy; the less enthusiastic critic may be excused if he pronounces her hitherto unrivalled.

The first Opera, which was *Semiramide*, on the 13th instant, was numerously attended, and met with general approbation. Madame Catalani was applauded with the greatest rapture, and she did high credit to herself in point of performance; for she sang with astonishing execution, and exquisite taste. But, if we may be allowed to point out a defect in this favourite, we should say, she seemed to be deficient in point of *ear*, for she sang too flat all the evening. Whether this can, in some measure, be ascribed to her appearing, for the first time, before so great and brilliant a house, we are unable to ascertain; but certain it is, that similar little deficiencies had been observed in her rehearsals, which were also ascribed to fearfulness. Her action was easy, simple, and affecting, though some thought that she gesticulated too much. One thing seems to have struck every person, viz. that she misapplies the smile, and puts it on death, barbarity, cruelty, and pain, in the same manner as on love, joy, and other sweet expressions. The fault of singing too *flat* she endeavoured to rectify, on Tuesday, the 15th, but unluckily it made her sing sometimes too *sharp*. Yet she was again most cordially applauded.

The music of the new Opera is composed by Portogallo. It is in the lighter sort of the Italian style, full of natural air, and has a pleasing effect, though it will not bear to be compared with the operas of Mozart and Winter. The *vox humana*, which is introduced in it, is that antient sort of a crooked hautboy, otherwise called the *Corno Inglese*, or English horn. But it has not the least resemblance to a human voice, unless it was to the most *sheepish* one; and what spoils its effect entirely is, that in one of the songs it is seconded on the beautiful bassoon, by Holmes.

DRURY-LANE.

NEW PIECES.

Tekeli; *or*, *The Siege of Montgatz*, by Mr. Theodore Hook, was produced, at this theatre, in the latter end of November. This piece is a translation from the French, and bears a strong resemblance to the musical After-piece, *The Éscapes*, produced some time since at Covent-Garden.

The plot is a kind of narrative of the escapes of *Count Tekeli*, (the Polish General) from the pursuits of the Austrian army, which was, at that period, besieging Montgatz. In this pursuit of *Tekeli*, many adventures occur, particularly in the house of a miller, who shelters him at the hazard of his life.

The piece concludes with *Tekeli*'s gaining the city; from which he makes a sally, defeats the Austrians, and compels them to abandon the siege. The story is tolerably well related, though we cannot much commend the circumstance of concealing *Tekeli* in a tub, and carrying him out of the mill in a sack.

The music, by Mr. Hook, sen. was pleasing and appropriate. *Tekeli* has already been acted twenty-six nights.

Mr. H—A Farce has been produced with this whimsical name. The humour was the raillery of the affectation of that mincing practice, so common in life, of calling people by the initials of their names, as Mrs. V.—Mr. C.—&c. &c. *Mr. H.* whose real name was *Hogsflesh*, adopts this practice from the disgust naturally excited by the mention of his real name, and passes

under the name of *Mr. H.*—This gives rise to several pleasant adventures; and the piece proceeded very auspiciously till the discovery of the name of *Hogsflesh*; when the taste of the audience became offended, and a damnation ensued.

The prologue was, without exception, the best since the days of Garrick.

REVIVALS.

Murphy's Comedy of *Know Your Own Mind*, has been revived at this theatre; but it has hitherto done nothing.

NEW APPEARANCES.

A Young Lady, of the name of Ray, has made a most successful *debut*, in the character of *Albina Mandeville*, in the Comedy of *The Will*.

She is very young. Her characteristics are a most prepossessing countenance, a melodious and articulate voice, and a general simplicity and ease, which win irresistibly upon her first presenting herself. She is, above all, no copyist. Her manner is entirely her own. This is a merit as rare as it is inestimable. We are fatigued with imitations; and the praise of originality, when just, should be liberally awarded.

Miss Ray was received with rapture.

Bannister has returned to the stage since his late accident; and his reception was such as he deserved; warm, enthusiastic, and sincere.

COVENT-GARDEN.

REVIVALS.

The Tempest has been revived at this theatre; not, indeed, Shakespeare's *Tempest*, but a piece, manufactured by the conjunct labours of Dryden and Davenant, upon the ground of the original of Shakespeare. The critics have always doubted whether Dryden and Davenant did not do more harm than good in their intermeddling with the works of our immortal bard. It is certain, that their additions have nothing of the quality of the stuff to which they are attached. The coarse, homespun fabric of Shakespeare, could derive little advantage from the flourishing and tambouring of the wits of the reign of Charles.

As a companion to *Miranda* (the daughter of *Prospero*), Dryden has created another sister (*Dorinda*); but they no more resemble each other than the latter resembles nature. Instead of simplicity, and chaste untutored nature, Dryden has given to *Dorinda* an indelicacy of sentiment and expression; and a general tone character rather foolish and profligate, than wise resembling that of a child brought up i state of nature, without experience of manki either in scenes of life, or the lessons of boo In a word, *Dorinda* is any thing but what Shak peare would have made her.

Hippolito, the character which Davenant su plied, is more natural; but, though there nature in his constitution, there is a most c rageous violation of it in the uses to which is put in the drama. He is killed for no mann of reason; or, if for any, it is to excite our di gust of a character (*Ferdinand*) for whi Shakespeare intended to awaken our warme love and affection. He is, however, restored life for the sake of the catastrophe; but this a most unnatural use of magic. Shakespea left no precedent for it. He might open sepulchres and call up ghosts; but he stopt here; he left them in that "bourne, from which no traveller returns." Dryden, however, had other ideas; and he no sooner gets hold of *Prospero's* wand, than he resolves to play some of his own pranks with it. And what does he do? He disenchants us at once; and the minds of the audience, which were before holden in a pleasing magical delusion, are disgusted by those outrageous improprieties which at once awaken them to the vanity and grossness of the whole.

Dryden, who could so readily confess,

"That Shakespeare's magic could not copied be.
"Within that circle none could walk but he—"

Should have remembered the lesson he taught and not, in this ill-matched contest, between wi and nature, have exposed himself to the ridicule of the critic, and the charge of degrading Shakespeare.

Mr. Kemble's *Prospero*, in this piece, was a very impressive performance; but the part is not much suited to affect.

This revival has not been very popular.

NEW PIECES.

A new Farce, called *Arbitration*, from the per of Mr. Reynolds, has appeared at Covent-Garde with success. It is a light, shallow thing, unworthy either of praise or blame.

NEW PERFORMERS.

A young Lady, of the name of Meadows, appeared in *Ariel*, in *The Tempest*. She is a ligh interesting figure, and sings prettily; but, upon the whole, she promises little excellence.